TEN CENTS A COPY

England and America I, by Philip Kerr, on page 624

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME V — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1929 — NUMBER 27

Breakfast with Dr. Holmes

AMONG the books forgotten or never known by the snatch-as-snatch-can reader is the most urbane of American volumes, that best book of one of the first and ripest of the columnists—"The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." To read it again, now that we have all become sophisticated and scientific, is a rather exciting experience. For here are all the old favorites, "The One-Hoss-Shay," with its crash of dogmatism, and "The Chambered Nautilus" with its last stanza pealing upward like bells after a benediction in some pleasant mid-century church, and the general atmosphere of goodness and sentiment which one associates with that far-off period when Romance and Wit went hand in hand instead of scuffling up and down the corridors of print.

All this, and then a rather breath-taking more. For Dr. Holmes, it seems, was not merely quaint and hilarious after all. Beneath the play of his civilized conversation is a psychology quite as modern as modern novelists have got to. He was well aware of the "unconscious"; knew that the automatic was more important than free will in most experience; had thought a good deal more sensibly than the behaviorists on what would be the relation of their theories to the whole of human conduct and human responsibility, supposing that they were true; indeed, was sufficiently "hard-boiled" as a scientist to be able to afford his little excursions into sentiment without danger of stultifying his idea that man was a drop of water enclosed in the walls of a crystal. He knew psychology (without using its name), and yet remained human!

This is the reward of being civilized, of living in a society of questing minds, not specialized out of proportion by obsession with research, or the stock market, or selling automobiles, a society where the emphasis was still, as it must be in all really high civilizations, on desires that only a richer (not wealthier) humanity can satisfy. Indeed, the humiliating conclusion must be reached by any candid reader of "The Autocrat," that Dr. Holmes's breakfast table (not to speak of the dinner table of The Saturday Club) was certainly more civilized than any Boston or New York or San Francisco breakfast table in 1928. For civilization is not knowledge or wealth, but a power of synthesis over the existing elements of living which can make a balanced life where taste, humor, intellect, morality, the enjoyment of the senses, and the amenities of social contact all reach an estimable height. Produce an American book written after the Civil War in which such a synthesis exists, with so much amenity, so firm a grip upon psychic and biologic reality, so cool and humorous a detachment, such gusto for good living, as "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table!"

It is not impossible to guess at the reason for our conspicuous decline in the practice of living, or at least for the complete inability of modern Boston and New York to create in even reasonable quantity such finely tempered minds as his, aware yet not discouraged, open yet acute, able both to know and to enjoy. For Holmes flourished at the end of one despotism of the mind, and we are but just beginning to emerge from another. He wrote in one of those happy flowering moments of culture when night and winter are just retreating. "The One-Hoss-Shay," it is commonly asserted, celebrates the end of Calvinism. And Holmes the scientist, Holmes the humanist, was emancipated man, freed, with the enlightened of his generation, from a dogmatic code which had bound New England to obsessive thoughts on sin, duty, and destiny, which, like all obsessions, chained the free spirit. He could live as he lived because his mind was, not quiet, but at ease. He could talk with the inspired abandon of the Mermaid tavern because, for a while, talk was free. A dismal certainty had been broken, the new chains were only just forging, and looked beautiful and light. Theology (as the Divinity Student was often reminded at the breakfast table) was no longer omnipotent. Science was still a companion and a youth.

It was a brief moment. Within a few years the Civil War was to prove that the anaemic undergraduates of Harvard who would not interest themselves in athletics in spite of Dr. Holmes's pleading, could fight in spite of their thin chests and narrow faces. It was to make turbid for many years the clear air in which the descendants of the Puritan

(*Continued on next page*)

Support

By BABETTE DEUTSCH

YOUTH is a thing not easy to endure:
The ache, the heats, the hours that run like water
Taking the sand, leaving no gold behind.
Age is a sickness that can find no cure.
Age is like a poor woman with one daughter,—
Accursèd issue, never out of mind.

I am no longer young, am not yet old,
But my heart smiles at all the wild beats wasted
Over a lover lost, an altar found,
All the fierce life that is a story told,
All the bright fruits that were so fondly tasted
That now may lie untouched upon the ground.

For I have learned that there is nothing firm
In all this universe. There is no motion
Of blood or thought can cradle my unease.
I walk, knowing the road without a term;
I lean against a voice, a curve of ocean,
Shadows of clouds, the tall slow dance of trees.

This Week

"The Case of Sergeant Grischa."
Reviewed by H. M. TOMLINSON.
"The Demon of the Absolute."
Reviewed by G. R. ELLIOTT.
"War as an Instrument of National Policy."
Reviewed by HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON.
"The New Exploration."
Reviewed by WALTER PRICHARD EATON.
"Layout in Advertising."
Reviewed by CHARLES H. DENHARD.
"An Outline of Æsthetics."
Reviewed by LEWIS MUMFORD.
Hymn to Earth.
By ELINOR WYLIE.

Next Week

England and America. II.
By PHILIP KERR.

Sergeant Grischa*

By H. M. TOMLINSON

THIS is a book about men in war—in the war we think we remember. Five years ago not many readers would have looked at it. As many as ten years ago, when shyness over the harsh subject naturally was even more modest and embarrassed, readers and publishers were told by a few critics, in accents which were positive and occasionally insolent, that a time would come when they would have to pay attention, like it or lump it.

Here the time is. Here is the book, and, curiously and hopefully enough, we shall like it. The general public now is willing to listen, and not only so, but it is disinclined for romantic nonsense. It has come through the heroic mood, and is unmoved by sobs and laurel wreaths. It is just as anxious to learn the truth about the war—if it can be got—as it is normally to learn the facts of any other celebrated scandal. There is a difference, however. It loves a scandal as delectation. To the other subject it is drawn by fear; it is afraid that graves are opening and that ghosts are gibbering.

In truth they are. The public has good reason to be apprehensive. Exactly the kind of men and their generous agents for publicity whose efforts to give "security" to their varying nations all but wrecked this planet, dissatisfied now, apparently, with their last effort, are preparing for another attempt, and if we allow them they will make it. Yet in common opinion everywhere we may note a change which is new in history; for as to war, common folk, instead of their old dreary fatalism over whatever their governors may chance to prepare for them, are protesting, and with noticeable emphasis, against being dragged into another obscene crime like the last world-war. And what is more, if ordinary folk were but sufficiently conscious of their weight and power, and would deal with belligerent statesmen as shareholders deal with managers whose energies lead to bankruptcy, we could soon put an end to all provision for our "security." I don't say we will. I say we could, if we tackled the job in time. Now is the time. We know that the pomp and majesty business, the sombre and throaty calls about great traditions and national honor, and the stately brazen music, is all, in the light of latter-day knowledge, as ugly and distressing as the thoroughly sincere scramble over nuts in a monkey house. Some people like the excitement of it, but we are beginning to learn what to think of them; and that change of thought is the last hope for the world. The great military expert, who knows how to produce for us that security which God unluckily omitted from His specification for the Creation, if ever a final statue is erected to his dear memory, will have ears so long that happy wayfarers will never forget to laugh as they pass it. You might call this novel a princely contribution to the cost of so desirable a memorial.

Do not read about Sergeant Grischa if you imagine that, as the story is of a Russian prisoner of war in the hands of Germans, therefore it does not concern England at war, or America, or any other civilized country defending, as the saying is, its homes and altars. There is no lesson deliberated in the book. It is a novel. Its German author, though he may be said to wear a faintly ironical smile, does not ask you to draw any inferences about Prussian militarism. He does not denounce. He

*THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA. By ARNOLD ZWEIG. Translated from the German by ERIC SUTTON. New York: The Viking Press. 1928. $2.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

urges on us no palpable horrors of the battleground —I am not sure that the shell-bursts in the book are ever nearer than "distant gun-fire." All he has done is to take this stout and good Russian sergeant, a prisoner in German hands, allow him to escape, with the thought that he may possibly get to his home, and then show us what happens. We see the unlucky prisoner in various situations, now full of hope for his release, and presently in despair again, and, in the end, executed, because—officially—Germany ought to be secured against this and that; but executed actually because of a feud between two high German officers. While watching the unlucky wretch pulled this way and the other, by orders intended to do the best thing possible for a nation "fighting for its life," we see across Germany from various angles, and through the minds of many German soldiers, from corporals to generals; some of them of the old Prussian type, and others of a more liberal or even of a communist cast. And over them all, unseen by the actors in the tragic drama, or only half-guessed, we note the doom impending which is conjured up by the evil that men do so often with righteous intent.

Yet all those figures, Prussian generals of the old tradition, and privates who suppress their commonsense and click their military heels automatically—there is nothing like discipline for keeping commonsense in its place—are instantly recognized by us as characters we once knew, saying the things we used to hear, doing the things we once saw done. Germany, in fact, in this book, is light-heartedly shown to be exactly what any nation inevitably must be in war, when logic has to justify all crimes beneficial to a good cause, when lies are transmuted into truth, when deceit is a virtue, and the worst becomes the best. War makes every intriguing duffer important,—it is the one golden opportunity for all the silly busy bodies—and lets loose to full activity, for the public good, every humbug, coward, and charlatan in the land. The good men die; most of the others live on. Sergeant Grischa dies.

* * *

That world becomes very real again in this book. [illegible] first really great story of the war. That is not fair. R. H. Mottram's trilogy is also masterly in its scope and significance, and I do not think any writer has surpassed, or is likely to surpass, the little war-stories of the Frenchman, Georges Duhamel, which are as simple and inevitable as the Parables. But you cannot read the opening chapters of "Sergeant Grischa" without recognizing, in surprise and wonder, the signs of genius at its task, absorbed and happy, haughty in its sweeping gestures, careless of our presence, bringing things to pass out of what seems nothing in particular, throwing about irrelevancies which grow into significance as we stare in perplexity. There the rare miracle is. This is the way to do it. This German, Arnold Zweig, whoever he is, takes his place with the elect. He has made so unlikely an object as an old helmet an object of beautiful but appalling meaning. When we have finished his novel things are not quite the same as when we began it. He has changed our light. The case of Sergeant Grischa is our case.

There are faults to be found with this book. Why not? An ascending mountain slope is always a bit rough and careless; whatever outlook surveys a great expanse of country must necessarily have craggy and obstructive detail and approach. We do not approve what hurts us, and it is the province of art to trouble us. It is not designed to do so, but it does. You cannot gaze long at the color, light, and shadows of Leonardo da Vinci's "Madonna of the Rocks" without becoming disquieted, and there is nobody to tell you why. Out of that disquiet we form our adverse criticism, an examination of which we will leave to the professors of psychoanalysis. I have met artists who have shown real anger over that formidable picture in London's National Gallery, to my bewilderment. Why should an artist betray anger over such an achievement? You see, not being an artist myself, I have no reason to resolve my own disquiet over it. I have no reason to show cause why I must refuse to admit the beauty of it.

And there are faults to be found with this German novel. One good critic of it disapproves because its characters often do not speak true to what you and I know of human converse.

Well, does Hamlet? Did anyone of us ever hear a man talk like Hamlet? Did any woman ever hear one of us address her in the way that is easy to lovers in great poetry? But don't we wish we could do it! Did any seaman ever hear a skipper talk like Captain Ahab? No, nor ever will, till the sea gives up its dead. It is no good complaining because the figures of poetry are not true to our common form. The gold which is refined from the ore differs in some important respects from mud.

Another critic impatiently dismissed this novel as formless. Perhaps he was looking in it for a plot—we always do that; no plot, no novel; it is the easiest way to show our complete understanding of the art of fiction. But what is a plot? Will someone display the plot in "Tristram Shandy?" or the "Pickwick Papers?" Yet perhaps those two books are not novels? If they are not, then what is a novel? While hoping to get a satisfactory answer to that question we had better make ourselves as comfortable as we can, as though waiting for another man to come along who will talk like Hamlet.

This novel of Zweig's decidedly is not formless. It is loose and easy, but it has a constant centre of gravity. Nobody has ever seen a centre of gravity, yet a simple experiment will always prove its existence. Form is in the mind of the artist; it is not invariably explicit; it but gives his work direction and coherence. There was direction in the mind of Shakespeare. But what was it? There is a vast bibliography to prove that we are anxious about that, and desire a simple equation for it. We shall not get a simple equation for it; his mind enclosed all we have ever written on his behalf to show his equality with ourselves, and more. Our anxiety nevertheless, is praiseworthy.

So is our great chorus of praise and dissent over this war story of Zweig's. And I see no difficulty about its form and plot. It is simple enough, once you have the clue to it.

Pity moved Arnold Zweig; a childlike love of his fellow creatures; and a brave and childlike hope for them gives form to his work. He imagined that they would turn to the light when it was shown to them. Let us pray that they may. I cannot see any other plot to his work than that of the spirit of the man, which ought to be enough for us. His scenes are those of our common lot, with the sun and the night of our own destiny, which we ourselves ordain.

Breakfast with Dr. Holmes

(*Continued from preceding page*)

intellectuals were hoping to build a new empire of the mind. And then industrialism, heaving up like a giant overfed on the rich juices of a new continent, hid heaven with smoke, and there were no more breakfast tables but only hurried cups of coffee on the way to more money. And science, unimaginably extending its measurements, became a dogmatism more prevailing, if less rigid, than puritanism, until even the man in the street was aware that not only his health and his happiness but his morality and his God were being analyzed and experimented with. His judgments were uninformed, his beliefs subject to momentary reversal, he, in all probability, was to be proved a complete automaton. Such apparent facts dominated even the best minds, and there is no urbanity in a state of obsession.

Perhaps we are getting ready for Dr. Holmes again. The least dogmatic of men now are the most advanced scientists. It is the novelists, the essayists, the popularizers who are the dogmatists. Already it is clear that "moral philosophy" is not, as one began to feel, quite synonymous with sociology, and that the economic man is no more the whole man than was the soul in a state of fearful grace that Dr. Holmes's father was told about weekly from the pulpit.

We may hope some day for another moment when the civilized spirit may find an air to breathe in, a moment not contingent upon prosperity or population or certainty or even happiness, but deeply dependent upon the existence of a society not bound to the wheel of necessitarian thinking, nor so devoid of a sense of proportion as to believe that plunging down rat holes after more facts, more wealth, or more nervous excitement, is the only way to live in a house. They caught their rats in 1858, but apparently could think afterward about dinner, and a glass of wine, and what science, theology, business, and a smile could mean for a truly civilized mind. Rat-catching was indispensable, but afterwards one washed one's hands!

Sword and Pisgah

THE DEMON OF THE ABSOLUTE: New Shelburne Essays. Vol. I. By PAUL ELMER MORE. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by G. R. ELLIOTT
Amherst College

A SWORD battle, in one or another romance that I read years ago, broke out at the base of a silent mountain in the sunrise. This scene came back to me when I laid down Mr. More's latest work. It has mellowness of thought like his recent series of volumes on "The Greek Tradition." At the same time it is far more personal and contemporary than any of his previous books, as though in response to the new but indecisive interest with which younger critics have recently favored him. In the opening pages the clash of steel is sharper than ever. But the middle portion of the book is a genial plateau. The end is a summit in quiet light. The clash of onset is distanced. No aeroplane service, however, is provided to the upper reaches. And at frequent turns of the path the reader catches the gleam of blades below.

The title essay comes first. Some readers may be so rebuffed by it, so pricked in their subconscious conceits, as to miss its rare distinction. It has rapier brilliance and rapidity. It seems to me the best summary critique of our age that has so far appeared in print. The Demon of the Absolute, in the author's shortest definition of it, is "reason run amuck." Reason, properly our "guide and friend," has a perennial tendency to leap beyond "the actual data of experience" and "set up its own absolutes as the truth." It craves to explain life in terms of some single formula. Thus it blurs that "double consciousness," as Emerson called it, that inexplicable sense of the opposition of dust and deity in human nature, from which great art and great conduct take their rise. We at once agree with Mr. More that "there are no absolutes in our nature." We easily smile at the moral, theologic, literary, and scientific credos that pos- [illegible] forms. A reflective reader is forced to ask himself: "Does Legion lurk also in me, even me?"

* * *

Our age is rightly, if too loudly, hostile to the old notion of an absolute standard in literary criticism. Mr. More quotes with approval from "one of my excited adversaries" the dictum that there is no "cosmic footrule with which to measure works of art." But he adds: "Is there any more sanity in setting up an absolute law of irresponsibility?" He gives the stoccado to all those who with an "inverted sort of pedantry" have been proclaiming in Europe and America the extreme doctrine of temperament. "These men, and not the champions of reasonable standards of taste, are the veritable addicts of the Absolute and slaves of the Demon." From here the duel goes on with mounting intensity. Sometimes Mr. More is too impersuasive, too absolute in his manner. Yet there is a special fascination in watching such a cogent devotee of reason attacking "rationalism," i. e., rationalism that "has no affinity to the reasonableness of common sense." Our critic has felt the full lure of the Apollyon whom he pierces.

He sees that the most mephitic form of the Demon to-day is the new religionistic naturalism in philosophy. This thing, which was closely hunted in F. J. Sheen's "God and Intelligence" through three hundred pages, is now transfixed by Mr. More in ten. In regard to Professor Whitehead's system he remarks: "Formerly it was held that the human soul obeys the same laws as a stone; now we are asked to believe that a stone is of the same nature as the soul." Our crying need is "to overthrow this idol of Unity . . . and submit ourselves humbly to the stubborn and irreducible fact that a stone and the human soul cannot be brought under the same definition. . . . To scientific absolutism masquerading as religion, one may say justly and truly what was said so unjustly and cruelly to Keats: Back to your gallipots!"

More leisurely is the next essay, "Modern Currents in American Literature," which appeared in periodical form a year or so ago. In its present setting its whole idea and tone come out much better. It carries on the theme of the title piece. On page 72 the Demon, though here not named, appears as the chief pullback of imaginative writing in America

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at the present time. As for the tone of this essay—those who are cursed with either the academic or the journalistic attitude toward current writers, should ponder its cool and comprehensive geniality.

Patently genial is "My Debt to Trollope," suggestively placed between essays on Poe and Borrow. Here our critic unbends remarkably to tell us why Trollope's novels have been "the chosen companions of my leisure through the most part of a lifetime." The essay is aimed, more in sorrow than in anger, against half-hearted Trollopians. They are good men and true—but somewhat possessed of the Demon. "Morality is not art: that is a canon of criticism—out of which the Demon of the Absolute has formulated the deadly maxim that art has nothing to do with morality." Many of us who would reject that maxim in its extreme form have nevertheless the taint of it to-day in our bosoms. It prevents our sensing the full artistic value of Trollope's moral healthiness and of his subtle and relentless moral perceptions. His artistry, his marvelous "adjustment of character and circumstance," is well and fully praised by Mr. More. But one wishes he had admitted just a touch of smugness in the "Autobiography" and more than a touch of mad long-windedness in the novels.

Thereupon one's eye is caught, at the opening of the noble essay on Vaughan, by the confession that there are writers who "appeal to us with an intimacy that takes our judgment captive; we go to them in secret and love them beyond the warrant of our critical discernment." Trollope and Vaughan — the voluble Victorian worldling and the shy seventeenth-century mystic! A reader interested in understanding Mr. More might well begin by solving the paradox of his devotion to those two opposites. In this book, Trollope appears as a sunlit tableland where the Demon of the Absolute cannot lurk. Vaughan is a dell near Pisgah summit where the Demon cannot come. Free from our modern absolutism, in which deity and nature are denatured and confounded, Vaughan could know "the reality of the divine immanence in nature." He did not botanize this mystery. He recognized in God "a deep, but dazzling, darkness." He knew also the essential darkness of the human world· "the shade of life itself, the sorrow and discontent that are caused by no accidental evils of an age but are inherent in the very conditions of mortal existence." He retired to his mountain valley. "Nature was a retreat for him; but he found there the visible presence of a God who had not laid aside his commands and prohibitions." So, through and above the darkness, he found the Light.

So did Sâvitrî, heroine of a famous Hindu story which is translated with lovely simplicity, and without comment, at the end of the volume. If read in relation to the closing pages of the essays on Trollope and Vaughan, it is secretly and profoundly moving. The story is made of "loving words, serenity of heart, and secret services." Its meaning is a peak in quiet light. But each reader must find it for himself. He who finds it, and surveys therefrom the slopes up which he has come, will be sure that this book is a real eminence in American literature. It is beautiful in wit, strength, and vision.

Mr. Onions, who is editing the Supplement to the Oxford English Dictionary, writes:

"It might be supposed that for the letter A there was little to add beyond 'aeroplane' and 'appendicitis,' and perhaps 'automobile' and 'aviation'; and the thirty pages (already in type) of additions under the first letter of the alphabet will, I think, surprise any who are not in the habit of observing the almost daily accretions to the English vocabulary.

"A begins with 'aasvogel,' which is supported by references to Rider Haggard and Rudyard Kipling, and ends with 'azygospore,' a botanictal term now, it is true, rarely used, but which must be recorded for completeness' sake. These are the alphabetical termini ot a multitude of common colloquialisms, of technicalities that have become public currency, of the labels of discoveries and inventions, of the names of exotic plants and garments, of religious, political, and social movements, of terms of sport and of the new psychology, and so on."

"After being raided by generations of souvenir-hunters and surviving an attempt to destroy it by fire," says the London *Observer*, "Bryon's Elm at Harrow is now reasonably sure of immortality. What is left of it—or at any rate a recognizable part of it—is to be placed with the other Byron relics in the Vaughan Library at Harrow School."

Story of the Kellogg Pact

WAR AS AN INSTRUMENT OF NATIONAL POLICY. By JAMES T. SHOTWELL. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1929.

Reviewed by HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON

NO private citizen in any country has had more to do with the making of the Kellogg Pact than the author of this book. Under these circumstances we might expect that his story of how the Pact came into being would be somewhat colored by personal interest. It also happens that Dr. Shotwell is one of the ablest and most fair-minded historians in this country. Under these circumstances we might expect that anything he wrote of a historical nature would be entirely free from prejudice or personal bias. Contradictory as it may seem, both of these expectations are realized in reading the present volume.

It is not that Dr. Shotwell claims an undue share of the credit for the Kellogg Pact. The story would not be complete without a considerable reference to the part which he played. These references are made frankly and straightforwardly without the suspicion of insistence upon the value of his own work and equally without the inanity of false modesty. In fact, the volume contains nothing in regard to the author's participation which has not long since been public property.

LLOYD GEORGE

who played so important a part in the war years of which the Kellogg pact is the aftermath.
A caricature by Low, reproduced in "Lions and Lambs" (Harcourt, Brace).

In thus limiting his story, Dr. Shotwell has not been altogether fair to himself. It is well understood that M. Briand's original proposal of April 6th, 1927, followed a suggestion made to him by Dr. Shotwell. The Kellogg Pact is the realization of an idea born in Dr. Shotwell's brain. For this full credit should go to him, but there is no hint of it in this book. So far as the relation of the history of the Pact is concerned, Shotwell the historian keeps Shotwell the father well in the background.

Perhaps the desire not to over-emphasize his own part in the making of the Pact has led the author into over-idealizing the efforts of the French Premier and the American Secretary of State, the two chief actors in the drama, and of Nicholas Murray Butler. Dr. Shotwell readily admits the presence of mixed motives in human transactions, but he nowhere suggests that there is such a thing as politics in France or that the negotiations leading to the signing of the Pact were carried on in the midst of a presidential campaign in this country. He even vigorously defends M. Briand against the charge that his original proposal was a bid for a disguised alliance with the United States. Certainly there was no such thought in Dr. Shotwell's mind when he made his suggestion to the French Premier. He himself points out the fact, however, that M. Briand would not have made his proposal without its having received the full approval of the French Cabinet. It is equally certain that the French Cabinet did not give its approval without having before it an analysis and an opinion from the experts of the Quai d'Orsay. These gentlemen may have their share of idealism, but they have always managed to control it by the most meticulous attention to practical considerations. Dr. Shotwell himself finds evidence of this highly "practical" attitude in the French Government's notes of January 21st and March 30th, 1928, and in the draft treaty submitted by the French on April 20th.

M. Briand emphasized the pacific intention of his proposal. This is his custom and his function. But it is equally the custom and the function of the officials of the Quai d'Orsay to see that M. Briand makes no proposals which would affect adversely any interest of France, and if they can work in a point which will redound to France's advantage, so much the better. M. Briand is a zealous worker for peace but he is also Foreign Minister of France.

The defence of the French Premier is paralleled by the incomplete explanation of the belated interest of the State Department in the French proposal. Washington is as capable of mixed motives as Paris. No one questions Secretary Kellogg's desire for peace nor would belittle the persistent and able diplomacy by which he finally brought about the renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy. But the historical picture is hardly complete without some consideration of the fact that Secretary Kellogg was a high official of a political party striving for endorsement at the polls.

It is when we come to "The Meaning of the Pact" that Shotwell the historian seems to have handed his pen to Shotwell the father. This is perfectly natural, for this last third of the book is not history but argument. And very able argument it is. First Professor Borchard's contention that the Pact is not a renunciation of war, but a formal endorsement of the wars envisaged in the French and British notes of interpretation, is disposed of. At least it is disposed of to Dr. Shotwell's satisfaction, and he has made as strong an argument against Professor Borchard as is likely to be made. But a court would undoubtedly feel compelled to make a finding somewhere between the two views.

The author next takes up what has been called "The British Monroe Doctrine." This is the least convincing chapter in the book. It proceeds on the assumption that the vague British reservation ferred solely to Egypt and meant no more than propriately to recognize "long existing realities the relations between Britain and that country. With this limitation, Dr. Shotwell's contention that "British Monroe Doctrine" is a misnomer and that the policy intended was more like our Panama Canal policy than our Monroe Doctrine, might be admitted. But he himself states that "when pressed in debate to explain what 'regions of the world' he had in mind, the Foreign Office refused to be more specific." It may well be granted that Britain's policy with regard to the Suez Canal is justifiable, but what reason is there for thinking that the British Foreign Office will limit its all-embracing reservation to Egypt if circumstances should make it desirable to use it in other parts of the world, especially when they have positively and publicly refused to place upon it any limitation whatever?

Dr. Shotwell goes on to argue that while the Treaty fails to define self-defence and in terms acknowledges that each nation "alone is competent to decide whether circumstances require recourse to war in self-defence," the Pact has really drawn a line between wars of aggression and wars of defence. He finds in the action of the League Council in the Græco-Bulgarian crisis the procedure which will determine which nation is the aggressor. It is not the one with the good case or the one with the bad case, but the one which refuses to submit its case, good or bad, for settlement by pacific means. This procedure has worked and may work again within the League. It remains to be seen whether it will work in a case involving the United States.

The next chapter is a discussion of the really great step forward of the Kellogg Pact—that it offers an opportunity for the United States properly to associate itself with the other pacific-minded nations of the world in their effort to restrain an aggressor. Dr. Shotwell makes abundantly clear both that we can now participate in such efforts and that we are not required to unless convinced at the time that such a course would be the right one.

There follows a discussion of the bearing of the Pact on the question of the "Freedom of the Seas," and the naval rivalry between this country and Great Britain. Here again Dr. Shotwell may be open to the criticism that he has read into the Pact all that it will stand and extended the letter of the Treaty to make it conform to the spirit.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

So much for the features of the book concerning which there is room for disagreement. Unfortunately a reviewer is always tempted to devote more attention to such features than those with which he finds himself in complete accord. But this should not mislead the reader either generally or in the present case. Dr. Shotwell has given us in one volume an excellent presentation of a most significant scene in the drama of humanity and a very able exposition of one authoritative interpretation of the meaning of that scene. Both are characterized by fairness and moderation. If exception may be taken to the interpretation on the ground that it reads into the Pact more than the opinion of he world has yet put there, it must be remembered at the same time that what the world ultimately does read into the Pact will be what its leaders make clear can be read into it. No one is better entitled or better qualified to participate in that leadership than Dr. Shotwell. Public opinion made the Pact: public opinion can make it mean what he says it means.

Blazing a Trail

THE NEW EXPLORATION; a Philosophy of Regional Planning. By BENTON MACKAYE. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by WALTER PRICHARD EATON

ONE of the many contributions of Steele MacKaye to the nation was his son, Benton, who for many years after his graduation from Harvard was connected with the United States Forestry Department, and since 1920 has called himself a "regional planner." Seven years ago MacKaye attracted the attention of a limited number of people by conceiving the idea of an Appalachian foot trail along the crest of the range from Georgia to Katahdin in Maine. The idea appealed to hikers, and to-day a surprising mileage of this Trail has actually been blazed and cut. At the time few people understood the deeper purpose behind this project, and perhaps few do to-day, though the resultant move to make the Great Smokies a National Park is enlightening. But a reading of MacKaye's book, "The New Exploration," will make the "philosophy" of the Trail clear, and will explain how it is a concrete part of a possible regional plan for the whole of Appalachian (or eastern) America. Nothing could well be more planless, more haphazard than the growth of America, but we were not oppressed by the chaos so long as we had plenty of land to the West, and plenty of room in our cities. The wilderness and the towns absorbed the flow of population. But within two generations, and with startling speed in the last twenty years, our land has filled up, our cities have been converted from urban individualities into great, mechanized masses of population, and a back flow of population has started out from the cities into the indigenous communities around. MacKaye calls it "the metropolitan back flow." The cities are great dams at the bottle necks of commodity lanes, dams raised so high that the backed-up waters spread out in devastation.

* * *

What of it? MacKaye's book is his answer to this question. He sees the environment for a real life in our frontier wilderness, our communal village or town, and our indigenous cities, as the Boston of 1850, the San Francisco of 1880, perhaps the Pasadena of to-day. In the terrible monotony of rectilinear suburbs spawning out from New York, Detroit, Philadelphia, to-day, in the hideous motor slums of signboards and dog stands which line our highways, in the horrible dirt and ugliness of industrial towns through Pennsylvania, and so on, he sees not an environment conducive to true living, but the uncontrolled back wash of a mechanized metropolitanism inimical to true living, culture, art, or creative play. Nor can any sane person quarrel with this conclusion. Here, then, is the field of regional planning which interests him. He leaves to the industrial engineer, after indicating its national and world importance, the difficult task of industrial planning. He is concerned with the possibilities of saving "indigenous America," of handling the metropolitan back flow so that it will not result in drab, ruined country but true communities for living.

The subject is one of enormous importance as well as enormous difficulties. MacKaye and his kind are blazing new paths into a new wilderness, the wilderness created by our modern mechanized civilization. Only a few people as yet realize its importance, though none of us would minimize the difficulties. How MacKaye would find solutions in certain cases—too often, for vividness, supposititious instead of real ones—is an illuminating part of his book. Using natural geographical features as dams, he would break up the metropolitan back flow around all cities, by converting these natural features into wild areas of public land and hence keeping us aware of our primeval environment. But not only would he thus confine the back flow to certain channels; he would also break it up into communal groups, or villages, rigidly controlling the connecting highways to keep them free of motor slums. Over larger areas—as the whole State of Massachusetts—larger natural dams would be interposed between urban systems, and the connecting highways zoned for adequate protection. Finally, we realize that the Appalachian Trail is but the entering wedge to secure the entire Appalachian chain as a huge natural dam to control the back flow as a whole. Massachusetts already has organizations at work surveying the "dams" of the State, and trying to introduce a highway zoning ordinance. Much of the impulse has come from a realization that without such protection the State was rapidly being made ugly and unattractive to tourists. But, after all, the esthetic revolt from such ugliness, the rising resistance to the metropolitan back wash, is but the sign of a desire to save our indigenous American scene and way of living because it made a better environment for true culture and happiness. Mechanized civilization has come upon us suddenly. It is here to stay. The problem is to control it, not to be overwhelmed by it. Benton MacKaye is one of the pioneers in meeting this problem. His book is a clean white blaze out on a new trail, where many feet must follow before most of us can get back the kind of a land we want to live in.

A Belated Elizabethan

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES, ECCENTRIC AND POET. By ROYAL H. SNOW. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1928.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

BEDDOES was the son of a rather distinguished physician and physicist. His biographer believes that his double nature was the secret of his frustrate career. The career suggests something of the kind, but he was not a man of confessions.

"The truth was restless in him, and shook his visionary fabrics down," he wrote in a girl's album. It seems to be autobiographical and as near to confession as he ever came. There were those who doubted his sanity, but the doubt is neither suggestive nor necessary.

At eighteen and an undergraduate at Oxford (1821) he published a slim volume of not remarkable verse, and the following year a play, "The Bride's Tragedy," which was more than remarkable. It was the nearest thing to Elizabethan tragedy since the early seventeenth century, and a phenomenon of precocity to be mentioned with Chatterton and Keats. He left Oxford in 1823 and spent some eighteen months in London. In the *Oxford Quarterly Magazine* for March and June, 1825, appeared his translation of F. Schiller's "Philosophic Letters"—that was all that was published in his life time. The rest of that life was spent almost entirely in Germany and Switzerland, studying medicine and getting mixed in the somewhat perilous German politics of the era. His death some twenty-five years later (1849) was more or less suicidal. He left some miscellaneous verse, some fragments of plays, and one play, even more remarkable than the first, and called "Death's Jest Book, or the Fool's Tragedy." It was published in 1850, and his collected poems with a memoir the following year. Sir Edmund Gosse edited his poems and his letters in 1890 and 1894. The only edition of the Poems now in print seems to be in the two shilling series issued by Routledge. Critical articles about him have been fairly numerous, but except for a few songs from the plays that are not unfamiliar, he has never reached any large public. Mr. Snow's is the first book about him in English, though there have been two in German. He has gone into the subject very thoroughly, but there is still a great deal of Beddoes's life that is obscure.

As plays, both tragedies are bad enough. Beddoes never was able to control his plots. The values are all in scenes, passages, and in the verse itself. His was no current romanticism. "He was not a reviewer," says Mr. Lytton Strachey (The Last Elizabethan, in "Books and Character") "He was a reincarnation." The graveyard horrors and muttering glooms are not after the fashion of Monk Lewis or Ann Radcliffe. You can dip into "Death's Jest Book" almost anywhere, and bring up Elizabethan verse.

> If you would wound your foe,
> Get swords that pierce the mind; a bodily slice
> Is cured by surgeons butter; let true hate leap the flesh wall.

Beddoes is full of such lines.

> I've huddled him into the wormy earth.
> Like the red outline of beginning Adam.
> Just now a beam of joy hung on his eyelash
>
> My loss was much,
> My life but an inhabitant of his
>
> wing thee hence,
> Or thou dost stand tomorrow on a cobweb
> Spun o'er the well of clotted Acheron,
> Whose hydrophobic entrails stream with fire

John Webster and Christopher Marlowe would hail this poet a blood brother not an imitator, but born of the same tempestuous imperial breed.

Coleridge went to Germany to study philosophy, as Beddoes to study medicine. Germany may be bad for English poets, but Beddoes, at least, had the cause of his own frustration in him. He had the element of a great poet, and, possibly, of a great physiologist, and possibly, they wrecked each other. There was war in him of some kind. We are not concerned with the physiologist. Great poets are more important than physiologists if for no other reason than that they are rarer.

As it is, he will perhaps always have some readers, fit though few. Some lyrics will turn up now and again in the anthologies, such as "Dream Pedlary."

> If there were dreams to sell
> What would you buy?
> Some cost a passing bell;
> Some a light sigh
> That shakes from life's fresh crown
> Only a rose leaf down.
> If there were dreams to sell
> What would you buy?

That is Elizabethan in a way, but it has also the nineteenth century accent, its facile tune, its melancholy a little languid. Beddoes's blank verse is greater than his lyrics. Without assuming to explain such a mystery of reincarnation, one may glean two pertinent circumstances from Mr. Snow's biography. First, Beddoes and his father before him had the renaissance quality of untrammeled, untrimmed individualism; that is, their impulses were personal and direct, instead of social and suggested. Second, Beddoes was soaked in Elizabethan poetry when still a schoolboy, no one knows how early. Both facts point at least toward the phenomenon we are considering, namely, that his poetry is not imitative but intrinsically Elizabethan.

Stacy Aumonier, who died recently did not begin writing until 1913, but he rapidly built up a big reputation as a short-story writer, his work appearing in the leading magazines in many parts of the world. The war interrupted his writings, for he served as a private, and afterwards as a chart-maker at the Ministry of National Service. Here his early training stood him in good stead, for after education at Cranleigh he began his career as a decorative designer and landscape painter—his father was an architectural sculptor—and exhibited frequently at the Royal Academy.

Mr. Aumonier was also a capable actor, and in 1908 became a society entertainer noted for his original character sketches.

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.....*Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.....*Associate Editor*
AMY LOVEMAN.....*Associate Editor*
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.....*Contributing Editor*
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....*Publisher*

Published weekly, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President; Roy E. Larsen, Vice President; Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates, per year, postpaid: in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 5. No. 27.

Copyright, 1928, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Great Itinerant

JOHN WESLEY: a Portrait. By ABRAM LIPSKY. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1928. $3.

THE LORD'S HORSEMAN. By UMPHREY LEE. New York: The Century Company. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by BERNARD IDDINGS BELL
St. Stephen's College

AS Mr. Lee justly says, in the opening words of his new life of Wesley, "He never meant to found the Methodist Church, but to-day few remember that he ever did anything else." It is altogether good that the world should get behind the institution — in America the most powerful and the largest division of Protestantism— to discover something of the man. Methodism of the moment obscures him. He was in religion a pronounced individualist. He organized his movement, but the purpose of that organization was to promote individualistic salvation. It is true that he held himself close to the Church, with its ordinances of common prayer and sacrament, but to him the Church was the established Church, the ancient, age-long custodian of grace. While he remained a faithful priest of the Church of England to the day of his death, and only in extreme age was persuaded to consent to steps which after his death resulted, contrary to his desire, in a new, Methodist, Church; while he was a high-Churchman and a sacramentarian; still to him the *sine qua non* was that men, one by one, should feel each within himself a sense of sin, a warring of the animal man and the spiritual man, and then by a mystical upheaval find peace and oneness with the Infinite. That alone really mattered to him. His Methodist Societies were, as he saw it, to be groups of people who should seek conversions and then mutually foster the moral and spiritual life of constituent individuals. In them were to be people affiliated with all the churches. That his charity was broad enough to include Roman Catholics as well as Protestants is plainly implied in his charming letter to his nephew, the composer, when the latter joined the Roman Communion. He was an individualist. Ecclesiasticalism interested him not at all. The Methodist Church of to-day is in this respect antithetic to its reputed founder.

* * *

In lesser matters there appear, from these biographies, to be other differences. Wesley hated overdrinking. It was probably the chief sin of his century. England alone then consumed over 7,000,000 gallons of gin a year. Vigorously he combated this vice; but he was not of the opinion that alcohol in moderation hurt anyone. He advised his preachers, after their exhortations, to confine themselves to lemonade *or good ale*. And one wonders what impression a certain political woman who has been thundering about vaguely wicked horrors in one of the presidential candidates would have made on the calmly determined little man who told his helpers that it was their duty to "believe evil of no one, unless you see it done; and to speak evil of no one."

These volumes have in common the virtue that they enable the reader to see John Wesley, not as the Methodist Church of to-day would have him, but as he actually was. We see him the earnest and restless youth seeking at Oxford a kind of insulated holiness under the leadership of William Law. We follow him to Georgia, where an intolerable intrusiveness, all for God, render his mission futile, to the shattering of his self-conceit. We observe his own mystical crisis, back in England again, under the guidance of the Moravians. We go with him as, almost accidentally, he takes up out-door preaching at Whitefield's suggestion, and finds therein his life work. For fifty years he then labors at the conversion of souls and the reconstruction of morals in England, preaching 40,000 sermons, traveling 225,000 miles, mostly on horseback. We see him make over the common life of three kingdoms, exerting an influence intellectual, social, religious, perhaps greater than any single Anglo-Saxon that has ever lived. We see him struggling with love—of which more anon. And much as we perceive him in some respects to have been ignorant, more than a little bigoted, in certain matters superstitious, in the end, we say: "This was a very great man. It is good that he lived. Here was power, and goodness greater than conformist goodness, and love for man past most men's visioning. Thank God for him."

Most of this is due to the subject himself, but part of it is due to his biographers. They have skilfully rescued him from interment in such ponderous tomes as those of Tyerman and from "literary" works like Southey's "Life," and from the hagiographical utterances of ecclesiasts intent upon conferring upon him a semi-divinity. Nor is it mere muckraking they have done. The best is that neither is more concerned with himself, as many biographers in the newer manner seem to be, than with him they would portray. It is rarely that two really good lives of a single great man appear in the same year.

The two in some respects differ from one another. Mr. Lee's volume is a straightforward story. Mr. Lipsky is more impressionistic, and more frequently attempts to explain the significance of actions which Mr. Lee leaves to account for themselves. Mr. Lee gives us much of Wesley's own words, which is helpful, especially since the quotations are apt and revealing. He also includes, in valuable appendices, Wesley's own account of his love for Grace Murray, that love which resulted in the engagement so high-handedly and unscrupulously smashed by Charles Wesley, ostensibly on the ground that John's marriage to anyone would disrupt the movement, but really because Grace had at one time been a servant-girl; and Wesley's own version of his most unhappy later marriage to Mrs. Vizelle. Both of these are moving, vivid, and psychologically important documents, nowhere else generally available, at least so far as this reviewer knows, in their unadorned entirety. Mr. Lee also has the good sense to understand that Wesley's love affairs, while vivid and engrossing, are really of secondary importance in estimating the man. He groups them in a single chapter and calls them "Interlude." It is in this matter of *amours* that it seems to this reviewer that Mr. Lipsky's one fault lies. It is a fault which somewhat interferes with the value of a book otherwise the more important of the two volumes.

* * *

Mr. Lipsky is exceedingly interested in psychology. What his own theories are is a little hard to tell. At one time he seems to lean toward a modified behaviorism, but at another he says uncomplimentary things about that whole school. Nor is his attitude toward Freudian explanations very clear. He talks admirable sense, in his chapter called "Sin," about the sublimation of sex in such saints as Theresa and Francis de Sales, although in that same chapter he implies, first, that to Wesley "sin" was a term equivalent to "carnal desire," and then two pages later quotes a passage from a letter of Wesley's to Elizabeth Bennis which defines sin in vastly wider terms. At any rate, it seems certain to this reviewer that he greatly overemphasizes the importance of the itinerant genius's occasional infatuations. Wesley had only three of these: with Sophia Hopkey in Georgia; with Grace Murray at the age of forty-five, and with the woman whom he married three years later. The first of these was calf-love, and Wesley behaved like a fool, no less a fool because through it all he was an almost painfully moral fool; the third was the mistaken move of an essentially lonely man; in both cases he only thought himself in love. Of one woman only does he seem to have been really enamored—Grace Murray. In regard to that no one has even so much as whispered one word of scandal. He behaved like a gentleman. And when the poor girl, browbeaten by his brother, married John Bennett and left the greater John forlorn, he accepted the situation bravely. That was the extent of his love-affairs. Rarely does a great genius come through life with less amatory disturbance. Yet Mr. Lipsky makes a great point of these *amours*. Most of his book revolves around women. He even tries, totally without conviction, to add another lady to the list, in the person of Mrs. Hawkins, a sinful virago who went to Georgia on the ship with Wesley and a crowd of other immigrants, and who later, if one may believe her own account, was the mistress of James Oglethorpe. There is not an atom of evidence that Wesley was interested in her save as a wicked woman whom he tried to reform, and it is not entirely fair of Mr. Lipsky to intimate that he was. Again, according to Mr. Lipsky, "It was about a year after his return from Georgia that Wesley became acquainted with Grace Murray and plunged into another disastrous romance." Wesley did meet her at that time, one of a considerable number of converts. There is no evidence that he ever even considered love for or marriage with her until 1748, which was ten years after he got back from Georgia. Ten years between loves is unusually long for any man; not, as the author implies, precipitately and significantly soon.

As a matter of fact John Wesley was a man who lived not for woman but for God. For him, as for many of the saints, canonized and otherwise, love of woman was incidental and soon outgrown. He does himself say that he was bothered by "inordinate affection, which I never did entirely conquer for six months together." That proves little. It would be interesting to know the nature of his "wicked thoughts." They were probably fairly innocuous if he could contemplate six months at a time for their complete banishment. Wesley bears all the marks of having been an undersexed man. His interests lay elsewhere. In this respect, while in accord with the somewhat absurd overvaluation of sex common among us, Mr. Lipsky is most certainly off the track.

But his book is in other ways most helpful—and penetrating. This review may well close with his admirable summary: "Wesley's great distinction lies precisely in this — that he interpreted real life in terms of religion. Religion to him was a psychological process. . . . He was hungry for facts, and those who heard him knew that they were listening to a true account of a genuine man's adventures of the spirit. That in large part was the secret of his influence. It goes far to explain his marvellous success as a persuader of men."

Concerning Alcibiades

THE JEALOUS GODS. By GERTRUDE ATHERTON. New York: Horace Liveright. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by ANNE C. E. ALLINSON

THE subtitle of this book indicates its general character: "A processional novel of the fifth century, B. C. (concerning one Alcibiades)." It is not one of the historical novels which press the drama from history, like wine from the grape, but aims to take the place of an unstoried recital of facts. Those who prefer to take their Greek history without a modern novelist's interpolations will be more indifferent to "The Jealous Gods" than to its predecessor, "The Immortal Marriage," for the interpolations are more drastic. And yet this second novel may be called a convenient epitome for a reader who vaguely recalls the brilliant Alcibiades and does not wish to rise from his comfortable chair to collect even such immortal accounts of him as are found in Plutarch's Lives, Plato's Symposium, Xenophon's Memorabilia, and Thucydides's History of the Peloponnesian Wars—"a possession for all time," as he prophesied it would be.

* * *

These "sources," of course, Mrs. Atherton has studied. In her story the procession of events winds on to the disaster of the Sicilian expedition and the downfall of the Athenian empire with Alcibiades at their head, as indeed he often in reality was. Ambitious, persuasive, the darling of the Athenians because of his beauty and brilliancy, headstrong, unscrupulous, audacious, he did as he pleased until he wrecked Athens. A patriot while the city adored him, he became a traitor when she expelled him, and turned to Sparta, her enemy, and to Persia. Mrs. Atherton is doubtless right in making this seem more intellectually possible to a Greek than it could to a modern. On the same score, it was more possible for Athens to recall the errant citizen when she needed him. The volatile populace made him their darling once more. But the gods were not to be baulked of their jealousy. Failure again followed upon his ambitious folly, and at last, not much over forty, he met his end in exile, attacked by ruffians at the instigation of Persia.

All through the novel runs an interpolation which has the same thesis as "The Immortal Marriage," but without historical foundation. In the "marriage" of Pericles and Aspasia Mrs. Atherton sought to picture a relationship between man and woman based on intellectual equality, with passion merely the embroidery upon the substance. From ancient accounts of Alcibiades we know only of his succession of mistresses and his unhappy wife. The modern author is determined to give him a woman like Aspasia. It being impossible to find her in fifth century Athens, Mrs. Atherton brings her over from Egypt, under the name of Tiy. Using to the point of exaggeration the reported independence of Egyptian women in this period, she makes of this Tiy a paragon of intellect, strength, and pride. Although she came to Athens to win the famous Alcibiades, she proudly remained only his intimate friend and advisor through his prosperous years, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

even through his restless first exile, still so filled with ambitions.

When at last he was alone, and seemingly without hope—very near the end of the book—she went to him, and was with him when he was murdered. To conceal her nationality, she had taken the Greek name of Timandra. By this device Mrs. Atherton keeps pace with Plutarch's statement that a mistress, Timandra, was living with Alcibiades at the end and buried his slain body "as decently and honorably as her circumstances would admit." In the novel, Tiy takes the limp form across her arms, lifts it slowly, and holds it outward and aloft. "An offering to the sun-god whose child he may have been." The reader puts down either story, with thoughts of Socrates, whom Alcibiades in his marvellous youth both loved and rejected. The conflict in his character would have made a dramatic appeal, but perhaps Mrs. Atherton thought it out of place in a "processional" novel.

As in "The Immortal Marriage" the archæological fidelity is more industrious than inspired. In a second printing, the reiterated errors in the spelling of proper names should be corrected. But the canvas is large, the purpose is serious, the material is important. If the great masters are not at hand, Mrs. Atherton's picture of Alcibiades deserves recognition.

Compromise

THE NEW TEMPLE. By JOHN BOJER. New York: The Century Company. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by PHILLIPS D. CARLETON

MR. BOJER'S fame rests securely on two great novels—"The Great Hunger" and "The Last Viking," the first with its hard-won philosophical conclusion, and the second with its vivid narrative of men and coasts but dimly known before. "The Emigrants" was an interlude not altogether successful; the size of the canvas was too large and the list of characters too comprehensive. In "The New Temple" Mr. Bojer has returned to his earlier philosophical theme. Peer Holm in "The Great Hunger" had worked out a life philosophy that centered about the will to live that flames in every man when forced to the wall. In "The New Temple" his son, cut off early in life from his parents, alienated in youth from his sister, works out his own conclusions. He runs through a facile communism, a religious orthodoxy, a mysticism that breaks down before the exigencies of human sorrow, and then finally turns parson, eager to serve humanity with the institutions available, and proudly hopeful of being able to revitalize old and crusted formulas.

Lorentz's struggle lies in his inability to reconcile the New with the Old—to find the connection between a narrow oriental religion and the stream of modern life. His triumph comes after he has felt the necessity of affection from which he had been cut off and has reëstablished his relationship with his father and mother again. In his vision Christ speaks:

> "Is it my fault that men so often picture me on a cross? Remember, I was a willing guest at feasts. I danced at a wedding. There was in me something of Dionysius. I, too, love wine, lilies, and women.
>
> "But remember that I am not strength only but also weakness. . . . Were it not that men must feel compassion for me, they could not feel me to be their brother. . . .
>
> "What have you set in my place? Joy in life? The universal soul? Power? Work? But I am all these, if you so will. And yet if I were only these, what would become of the prisoners, the poor, the sick? Will you raise a temple and shut the doors against them?"

Lorentz concludes that the religion of the future of which his father had dreamed can be no temple of proud and self-sufficient souls merely, but must have some place for the weak and the helpless; the very weakness of Christ is an endearing virtue. The religion of Lorentz is the logical extension of the dream of his father; it takes into consideration the half of the world that the latter had neglected.

This novel, however, lacks the power and solidity of "The Great Hunger"—partly because it is always easier to deal forcefully with a savage independence than it is with a rather vague humanitarianism, and partly because Lorentz himself never becomes for the reader the sharp-edged personality that his father was. His struggle seems academic rather than cogent and his final victory is a compromise, a waiving of vital issues. Nevertheless, it is a novel that displays the virtues of Bojer—a simple and easy style, the pleasant background of an agricultural Norway, characters that have the breath of life in them.

Printed Exploitation

LAYOUT IN ADVERTISING. By W. A. DWIGGINS. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1928. $7.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES H. DENHARD

NINE years ago, W. A. Dwiggins shocked the book world by declaring that all contemporary books were badly made—and proved it most conclusively by making better ones. His influence upon the physical characteristics of books has been profound, and in a sense, revolutionary. Mr. Dwiggins has waged individual warfare against the commonplace so successfully that his position is secure among the most distinguished modern designers, and his ideas have been instrumental in establishing an entirely new standard in book making.

In "Layout in Advertising," Mr. Dwiggins considers the problem of artistic unity in the preparation of all forms of printed exploitation, ranging from letterheads and labels to billboards and space in periodicals. He divides his argument into three general sections comprising the tools or materials with which the advertising designer works, the object for which the designer is striving, and the designing process itself. While a rudimentary knowledge of advertising preparation is presupposed, the book is singularly free from technical matters and the casual reader will find little to interrupt his interest in this extraordinarily clear, orderly, and competent array of sound and workable suggestions.

Of course, Mr. Dwiggins has his preferences. But he is never dogmatic. Nor does he stand in awe of the advertising profession. In his preface he warns the reader against expecting to lift a method of procedure, ready made, out of a handbook. And throughout the volume, genially and with a nice sense of humor, he presents his process of laying out printed matter, without inferring that his way is the only way—or even the best way.

Few readers will argue with Mr. Dwiggins's fundamentals of advertising design. They are basic, and exist in large part because of the author's own efforts. Whatever dispute may arise will concern the possible sales value of a piece of advertising that artistically is a thing of beauty, as contrasted with the brazen, bold, brutal form of attracting attention and forcing one's merchandise on the attention of a lethargic public. Yet, after all, if no difference of opinion existed, even Mr. Dwiggins's excellent treatise would fall short of its purpose.

* * *

Seldom has the author of a technical or semi-technical book been so adroit in demolishing with a gesture long standing traditions; and conversely, so adept in offering new and more acceptable improvements. While Mr. Dwiggins takes the reader through all the technique of advertising layout, and discusses each step from the Dwiggins point of view, he is always stimulating new thought processes in the reader's mind. What he is establishing is a set of principles, as distinguished from a set of rules. Nowhere does he criticize an actual advertisement or label or circular. Instead he builds his own examples around imaginary products and shows by variations of identical units why one form of design attracts, why another repels, and why still others are indifferent in their appeal to the reader. Given an illustration, a caption, a block of text, a signature, a trade-mark, and a rigid area in which all must be arranged, the process of juggling and shifting can be interminable, unless a sense of unity and design controls the manipulation. Perhaps that sense is not acquired, but born in one. Nevertheless, Mr. Dwiggins draws a sharp and unmistakable line between the right and wrong ways so that one does get a clear understanding of the arrangement of areas of space and color (text, picture, etc.) so that they support each other instead of clashing.

"Layout in Advertising" is essentially the story of Mr. Dwiggins at work. If he gives the lowly blotter, or the calendar, or the shipping tag, or the letterhead a new importance, it is because each of these has a function in modern sales promotion, and deserves the care in design that is given (or should be given) to advertisements in expensive newspapers and periodicals. Mr. Dwiggins has been lavish with his illustrations. His marginal sketches, and his progressive illustrations of advertisement building are illuminating and engrossing.

Obviously, the book itself was designed by Mr. Dwiggins. It is beautifully made and a splendid Dwiggins item. Professional advertising men will welcome it, use it until it is threadbare, and be better craftsmen as a result. The general reader will find an interesting, intimate narrative about a fascinating profession which concerns them more, perhaps, than they realize. It is a good book. Mr. Dwiggins writes as well as he designs—which is high praise.

A Discipline of Esthetics

AN OUTLINE OF ÆSTHETICS. Edited with Introductory Notes by PHILIP N. YOUTZ. New York: W. W. Norton Co. 1928. 5 vols. $5.

Reviewed by LEWIS MUMFORD

Author of "The Golden Day"

THESE volumes on esthetics were first presented in a series of lectures at the People's Institute in New York. They are uneven in length and range and in authority of scholarship; but by the grace of ingenious bookmaking they have been put together in volumes of uniform size and design. The title itself is a little pretentious, for esthetics must make considerable advances and acquisitions before anyone shall be able to reduce it to an outline: at best, these books are sketches towards what may some day be the living discipline of esthetics.

Two of the volumes, Mr. Munro's "Scientific Method in Æsthetics" and Mr. Irwin Edman's "The World, the Arts, and the Artist" are very pertinent discussions of their subjects; one of them, "With the Eyes of the Past," a study of English esthetic criticism from the seventeenth century onward by Mr. Henry Ladd, is, within its limited frame, admirable—until the author reaches the critics of our own day. The other two books, "The Judgment of Literature," by Mr. Henry Wells, and "The Mirror of the Passing World," by Mr. M. Cecil Allen, though not negligible, do not seem to me to go close to the core of the esthetic problem.

With the exception of Mr. Edman, these writers assume an "esthetic world," a world of pictures and sculptures and music and poetry, as a basis for their inquiry into how we apprehend or judge this world. This is to face the problems of esthetics at their complex end, rather than at their beginning; and if there is a good deal of platitude or unilluminating comment in these books, it is partly because they have not participated in any fresh illuminations as to the source of this finished world. It happens that my reading of this "Outline of Æsthetics" has coincided with an examination of the second volume of Spengler's "Decline of the West"; and I was repeatedly struck by the fact that a single bold generalization by Spengler on the fundamental phases of esthetic experience, that of the "blood" and the unformed primitive feelings as contrasted with the waking-sense of the light-world and the forms of a cultured consciousness—a generalization like this, unsound though it might prove in detail, gave me more to think about than any two of these books did.

* * *

Spengler has the great advantage of realizing that the esthetic moment exists within a matrix of other events; and since every experience has an esthetic aspect one of the chief tasks for the philosopher is to analyze the progressive differentiation of this experience into the arts, and the further elaboration and isolation that has attended the arts themselves as their technique became more specialized, and their audience more limited. The best work on this phase of esthetics was that of an economist, Karl Buecher, whose "Arbeit und Rhythmus" still, unfortunately, stands by itself. Lacking such a social background, a good part of our esthetic criticism is as arid and unintelligible as an old-fashioned gallery of natural history which showed only the skeletons and stuffed pelts of animals, whose real life in their actual environment could neither be inferred nor guessed from the dismembered objects on display.

The esthetics of a period is conditioned by its environment, its work, its philosophic and religious ideas, its activities and attitudes. One of the real tasks of esthetics is to trace the effect of these complex interactions upon the "style" of a generation or a period: for around all the special forms of an age is the general form or picture of the world, of which the separate work of art is, even in its highest individuality, a part. Taine's formula for this kind of exploration was too narrow, perhaps, to cover all the facts of esthetic experience; but it pointed out a field of investigation that cannot be ignored without losing a very important scientific key, which no amount of isolated experiment will ever make up for. If one begins with the "esthetic fact" itself, one is in great danger of erecting works of art into

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an Absolute, as unconnected with natural life as a medieval Heaven, or, what is even worse, of reducing the work of the painter and the sculptor to an irrelevance, as Mr. Leo Stein does in effect when he observes that a piece of canvas with some blots of color on it can never be worth more to him than a hundred dollars.

We happen to live in a period when the popular valuation of art is entirely negligible, except in relation to a limited class of useful instruments, such as motor cars: even here taste is so unsure that the cheap car is now being vulgarized in the interests of "art" without popular protest, while as for the fine arts, it is significant to note that the picure which gained the highest popular vote at the International Exhibition in Pittsburgh was one that, when reproduced in the graphic section of the *Times*, looked exactly like any other photograph. The absence of art from the general curriculum of our universities is a symbol of our attitude; and the attempts now being made, as at Dartmouth and Cornell, to present the esthetic aspect of experience as an integral part of the student's education is one of the hopeful signs of our times—far more significant than the numerical triumphs in "Art-appreciation" fostered by our museums. The present "Outline of Æsthetics" is in line with this development in the universities; and the existence of these little books is perhaps as significant as anything that is said in their pages.

A Richer Poetry Crop

THE BEST POEMS OF 1928. Selected by THOMAS MOULT. With decorations by JOHN AUSTEN. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by SHAEMAS O'SHEEL

THE field of yearly selection of the "best poems" published in Britain, Ireland, and America has now been left entirely to Thomas Moult. Fortunately, either the crop grows better or the anthologist's taste grows surer. In Moult's 1927 anthology, for instance, we thought the best things were the apt and delicate decorations by John Austen. In the present book Mr. Austen's little sketches are better than ever, but the verses they illustrate with such deft allusiveness hold their primacy. Not so often beyond the first two selections do we find evidence of Mr. Moult's particular preference for that peculiarly English tradition which, rooted in naive songs of nature, and often raised to great power by men as diverse as Wordsworth and Keats, has now become inevitably self-conscious, trying to achieve naiveté by deliberation, and simplicity by effort. We suspect that some at least of those who versify in this tradition, though doubtless they enjoy the comforts this inventive age gives us, are afraid to face, afraid to try to voice, the insistent and tremendous fact of the machine. They stick to good old Nature; sometimes succeeding in drawing from that inexhaustible soil new and valid fruitage of poetry, sometimes, as in Viola Gerard Garvin's "For Oberon," achieving mere embroidery upon emptiness, sometimes throwing a sop to modernity by way of obscure phraseology. It is many years since the Laureate, to cite one instance, in his splendid celebration of a steamship on the Clyde, showed what could be done in poetic recognition of the machine; but one could hardly guess from anything here that the world to-day wears a different face from that which the Lake poets looked upon. And the one selection here from the innovators of anarchic technique—R. Ellsworth Larsson's acrostic—seems to us a perverse and sad example.

The best poems in this book are by dead men: a kind of sketch for his epitaph by Thomas Hardy—in which the ruggedness of his manner is curiously modulated by rhythms that suggest the present-day Yeats—and a poem by Rupert Brooke which recently turned up in a lost letter, a poignant thing worthy of a place beside the heart-cries of Shelley or Keats. Of these alone perhaps, among the contents of this book, can it be predicated that they will surely live. But the blood of living poetry courses through Conrad Aiken's Sonnets—though the last three lines of the second are weak—and through John Hall Wheelock's "Affirmation," if you can accept its empirical enunciation of sheer faith. In another favorite field of the English, the combination of macabre fancy with nature-description, Struthers Burt goes them one better; his "Burial" is rich and vivid, though the variation of stanza-form seems to us less a deliberate device than a yielding to difficulties. Things that could have been done only by Americans are Mark Van Doren's "Deserted Hollow," a sonorous elegy for those desolate places where man has rendered earth back to nature, which are so plentiful in this supposedly new land, and Stephen Vincent Benét's "American Names," which is spirited but might have been still better, and Edna Lou Walton's tale of a woman's heart dying in the desert, "Written In Sand." Only Englishmen perhaps could have played with classical and medieval romantic themes as Edwin Muir, John Drinkwater, Walter de la Mare and W. Force Stead do. Drinkwater's "Persephone" is just almost a fine poem; de la Mare's and Stead's are personal love poems in disguise, and the latter's is more impressive. Finer still is "Elms Of Protesilaus," by F. L. Lucas, a highly distinguished poem. From the English periodicals, too, are culled such things as the Song by Phyllis Megroz, a fine attack upon the problem of life; Robert Hillyer's perfect threnody for the things that "all but time held holy"; and the noble dirges of Richard Church and Humbert Wolfe, the latter far the best work of this poet we have seen recently. But after Hardy's and Brooke's poems, the one for which we would predict a most probable immortality is C. Henry Warren's "The Hounds Are Gone," an infinitely poignant reminder of the terror which man's hunting sports bring to the little creatures of the woods, who must even

. . . . . question the watching sky
What terror to-day comes galloping by. . . .

On our own side of the Pond, the anthologist has culled a bully song by Mary Austin, a fine but unfinished bit of indignation by Vachel Lindsay, an excellent philosophical poem by Louis Untermeyer, one of Dorothy Parker's more sedate sonnets, very admirable, and an excellent sonnet by Virginia Lyne Tunstall. Rather an international affair is Edith Sitwell's "Panope," published in the *New Republic;* marmoreal, beautiful but cold. Like W. H. Davies in England, but to much better poetic effect, Theodore Maynard and Babette Deutsch here renounce thoughts of other worlds and other-worldly glories, to sing of little intimate things; poems written from very different standpoints, but equally impressive. Harold Lewis Cooke's stark love poem is good, and Alfred Kreymborg's tantalizing fragments are more to our taste than anything he has ever done in his restless experimenting.

Padraic Colum must be considered here among the Irishmen, as his contribution is called "Dublin Roads" and appeared in the *Irish Statesman;* it has his charm and craftsmanship but is inconclusive. Just failing of real distinction are the selections from the veteran Katherine Tynan and the new bard, F. R. Higgins. Most interesting of the Irish contributions, and more interesting than anything else in the book to the student of technique, is Austin Clarke's "Pilgrimage." Mr. Clarke goes Frank Kendon's "analyzed rhyme" one better by returning to the ancient Irish rhyme system, which wasn't rhyme at all as we have come to understand it, but simply assonance. Many an Irish poet, of course, since Douglas Hyde began his translations and scholarly commentaries, has imitated the Irish device of internal rhymes, rhymes echoing not only at the ends, but in the middle of lines; but they have been complete vowel-and-consonant rhymes. Now Mr. Clarke introduces to modern poetry in English the possibilities of rhyme which is vowel-rhyme only—not always too exact, either—and let the consonants fall where they will. All students of verse-technique should hasten to get "Best Poems of 1928" to study the effect; perhaps it will never be suitable to English verse, but here is a sample, with the vowel-rhymes indicated:

Beyond a rocky *tow*nland
And that last *to*wer where *o*cean
Is dim as haze, a *sou*nd
Of wild *con*fession rose:
Black *con*gregation moved
Around the b*oo*ths of pr*a*yer
To h*ear* a s*ai*nt reprove them,
And from his b*oa*t he r*ai*sed a bl*e*ssing
On s*ou*ls that had come d*ow*n
The h*o*ly m*ou*ntain of the w*e*st
Or w*ai*led still in the cl*ou*d.

The late Lady Strafford, who died at the age of ninety-eight, was one of the last surviving women left who knew the Duke of Wellington—at any rate, of the Duke's circle. She was the eldest daughter of the first Earl of Ellesmere and edited his personal reminiscenses of Wellington.

Hymn to Earth*

By ELINOR WYLIE

FAREWELL, incomparable element,
Whence man arose, where he shall not return;
And hail, imperfect urn
Of his last ashes, and his firstborn fruit;
Farewell, the long pursuit,
And all the adventures of his discontent;
The voyages which sent
His heart averse from home:
Metal of clay, permit him that he come
To thy slow-burning fire as to a hearth;
Accept him as a particle of earth.

Fire, being divided from the other three,
It lives removed, or secret at the core;
Most subtle of the four,
When air flies not, nor water flows,
It disembodied goes,
Being light, elixir of the first decree,
More volatile than he;
With strength and power to pass
Through space, where never his least atom was:
He has no part in it, save as his eyes
Have drawn its emanation from the skies.

A wingless creature heavier than air,
He is rejected of its quintessence;
Coming and going hence,
In the twin minutes of his birth and death,
He may inhale as breath,
As breath relinquish heaven's atmosphere,
Yet in it have no share,
Nor can survive therein
Where its outer edge is filtered pure and thin:
It doth but lend its crystal to his lungs
For his early crying, and his final songs.

The element of water has denied
Its child; it is no more his element;
It never will relent;
Its silver harvests are more sparsely given
Than the rewards of heaven,
And he shall drink cold comfort at its side:
The water is too wide:
The seamew and the gull
Feather a nest made soft and pitiful
Upon its foam; he has not any part
In the long swell of sorrow at its heart.

Hail and farewell, beloved element,
Whence he departed, and his parent once;
See where thy spirit runs
Which for so long hath had the moon to wife;
Shall this support his life
Until the arches of the waves be bent
And grow shallow and spent?
Wisely it cast him forth
With his dead weight of burdens nothing worth,
Leaving him, for the universal years,
A little seawater to make his tears.

Hail, element of earth, receive thy own,
And cherish, at thy charitable breast,
This man, this mongrel beast:
He plows the sand, and, at his hardest need,
He sows himself for seed;
He plows the furrow, and in this lies down
Before the corn is grown;
Between the apple bloom
And the ripe apple is sufficient room
In time, and matter, to consume his love
And make him parcel of a cypress grove.

Receive him as thy lover for an hour
Who will not weary, by a longer stay,
The kind embrace of clay;
Even within thine arms he is dispersed
To nothing, as at first;
The air flings downward from its four-quartered tower
Him whom the flames devour;
At the full tide, at the flood,
The sea is mingled with his salty blood:
The traveler dust, although the dust be vile,
Sleeps as thy lover for a little while.

---

* This poem is to be included in Elinor Wylie's "Angels and Earthly Creatures," shortly to be published by Knopf.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

England and America I,

Political aspects: Liberty, Democracy, Peace.

IT may sound hyperbole to say that the future of the world hinges on Anglo-American relations. It is true none the less. Every thinker in Europe and Asia knows it and is talking about it. He sees that if Britain and America agree they have it in their power to end the political system which has been in control of the world since the breakup of the Holy Roman Empire and the Holy Roman Catholic Church. He sees also that if they quarrel civilization will go down in chaos before this century is half done. Like most good conservatives he is torn between hope and fear —fear lest the world of national states and conflicting cultures and constant heroic wars to which he is accustomed will come to an end: hope that perhaps after all the Anglo-Saxons, as he calls them, can bring a new and happier world into being, in which all peoples will have freedom, equality, and opportunity under the reign of law, and war will cease to be the *ultima ratio regum*.

But Anglo-American relations are difficult—very difficult. They are difficult for two main reasons. The first is that the two countries have developed on entirely independent lines for one hundred and fifty years, and in many ways are very "foreign" to one another. Great Britain has been preoccupied with world affairs, but has kept its racial composition intact. The United States has been preoccupied with American affairs and has so transformed its racial composition by immigration that perhaps fifty per cent of its population is now of non Anglo-Saxon origin. The second is that despite these differences the two countries are "relations" as compared with any other nation. Their language, their ruling moral, political, economic, and religious ideas, and their dominant racial elements, are substantially the same. This becomes evident whenever the two peoples sit down in conference with other nations, and to much of the rest of the world the English-speaking nations are a single system of civilization.

Anglo-American relations are a problem all of their own. Nor is it possible to comprehend that problem except in the light of the perspective of history and of the peculiar place which the British Commonwealth and the United States occupy in the contemporary world.

* * *

The founder of Anglo-America, if one may use the expression, was Moses, for the main dynamic of English-speaking civilization has always been the moral law—the Ten Commandments and the character they produced. Greece, with its love of thinking and beauty, has touched it a little. Rome influenced it more, though independence of character rejected the rigidity of the Roman Law in favor of the ever-changing adaptability of the common law. Religion, in the sense of that true Christian spirituality, which only follows obedience to the moral law, has blazed forth from time to time with tremendous effects, in the Puritan and Quaker movement of the seventeenth century, in Wesley and others. But the well spring of its history has been that moral independence which enabled Moses to lead the Israelites to escape from the tyranny of Egypt and found the first commonwealth ever based upon moral ideas; which strengthened the British in their determination to resist the pretensions of despotism, political and religious, for the sake of freedom; and which, after taking the early Puritans across the Atlantic, nerved Colonial America to claim and vindicate its independence from Great Britain, and found the first true democracy in the world.

It is the fashion in intellectual and artistic circles to-day to be anti-moral or anti-puritan, as it is called. This shallow view, which sees repression and not liberation in the moral law, ignores the obvious fact that all true human progress has come from the increasing realization of moral, intellectual, and spiritual truth. Most of the great contributions to human progress have come from peoples who, for a time, at any rate, have lived in isolation from the fret and frenzy of the main current of the world's life and so had time to lift their eyes to the eternal hills. This was true of the Israelites in the deserts of Sinai, and of the Greeks, and to a less extent of the Romans, in their isolated peninsulas. It was even more true of the Anglo-Saxons. The British could scarcely have established individual freedom in Magna Charta and the jury, or invented the representative system and Parliamentary government, or protected the Puritan movement from the counter-reformation, unless they had lived on almost the largest island in his world.

Many people recognize this common moral background to British and American history. But on both sides of the Atlantic there has been abysmal ignorance of what the other half of the English-speaking world has done since the split of 1776. To the average pre-War American, Britain, after the pure leaven of the Puritan and other emigrants had left it, degenerated into an almost wholly Imperialist power, dominated by kings and lords, suppressing the liberties of its own and other peoples, grabbing territory all over the world, interfering with American development everywhere, and claiming a lawless title to command in its own interests all the oceans of the world. To the average Briton, the emigrants of Great Britain vanished into an almost unknown continent, developed moral democratic institutions of a baffling complexity and conducted with a singular intemperance of language, fought a civil war over slavery, were flooded with "alien" elements which corrupted their political and judicial life, became so utterly self-centred as a nation that in order to bring Canada within the orbit of manifest destiny they fought on the side of the Napoleonic autocracy, and so ceased to make any contribution to world affairs until they were forced into the world war in 1917 by the German submarine. This ignorance is some reflection on the acumen of both peoples, and political coöperation will be difficult between them until they understand the contribution to progress which each has made in the last one hundred and fifty years.

* * *

Every Englishman thinks that the prime function of England has been to defend and promote freedom throughout the world, and that the prime instrument in that laudable purpose has been the British Navy. At this every good American laughs, as every good South American now laughs at the mention of the Monroe Doctrine as the shield of pan-American freedom. Yet the British contention about freedom and the navy, like the American contention about the Monroe Doctrine, is substantially true. England's national history centres about five desperate struggles for political freedom as against despotism. The first was the struggle against Philip II of Spain and the attempt of the Counter-Reformation to destroy Protestantism, whose crisis was the Spanish Armada of 1688. The second was the struggle to protect the budding plant of Parliamentary government from being killed through the support which Louis XIV gave to the Stuart autocracy. The third was the long struggle all over the world, and especially in America and India, which decided whether the resources of the new world and the Orient were to be mobilized in support of the autocracy which was the heart of the *ancien régime* in France, or whether they were to become the support of the system of free government, already half evolved in Britain, and rapidly developing in the American colonies, and later in Canada, Australia, and South Africa as well. The fourth was the struggle against the effort of Napoleon to unite the whole civilized world under his own despotic sway by force. The fifth was the world war of 1914 when, on the whole, democracy and nationality were on one side and military autocracy and the suppression of nationality on the other.

* * *

Nothing will convince the Englishman that his country's greatest claim to fame is not the tremendous sacrifices it has made in freedom's cause. Nothing will convince him that the British navy, exercising high belligerent rights, has not been the main instrument through which this freedom has been made secure. He forgets, of course, a few things which may be set on the other side—his treatment of Ireland, for instance. None the less he is fundamentally right, as can be seen, even by foreign sceptics, if they consider what would have happened to the world if Philip II and the Papacy, Louis XIV and the Stuarts, Louis XV and the *ancien régime*, Napoleon, and William II of Germany had won these wars and England had been laid low. England has been the pivot of world history for nearly three hundred years because without her freedom would never have spread over the earth as it has to-day.

* * *

What then about Imperialism? What about this stupendous Empire which now covers a quarter of the land surface of the globe and includes a quarter of the human race within its bounds? Here also, the Englishman is convinced that on the whole he has been doing the work of Providence. Though he now understands better than he did how capitalism led inevitably to Empire building and is less sure that all his transactions were prompted by conscious idealism, he is confident that on the whole he has been faithful everywhere to his creed of individual and political freedom, and that what Bacon said of the Roman Empire applies also to his own: "The Romans did not spread upon the world; the world spread upon the Romans." In the main the Empire has grown as the inevitable outcome of the world struggles between freedom and autocracy just mentioned; North America and India were the outcome of the eighteenth century wars; South Africa and many minor possessions, of the struggle with Napoleon; the present mandates, of the late war. History shows that on the whole British Governments have been reluctant to extend Imperial responsibilities, and that the driving causes of expansion were the actual situations which confronted them at the end of these world struggles, the fact that the alternative was occupation by some other and usually less liberal power, or the need for protecting a primitive people from chaos caused by war, or from the impact of the evil elements of modern civilization, liquor, firearms, or predatory capitalist exploitation.

The Englishman is convinced that, so far from being an old fashioned Imperialist, he has given to the world an entirely new concept of Colonial Government— that of "trusteeship," whereby innumerable races and peoples, who had never known individual liberty, impartial justice, honest administration, or lasting peace, have been introduced to these things and educated in ideals of liberal government. No doubt our Englishman conveniently forgets certain other things—his social caste system, his long tendency to regard the demand for self-government as seditious, his relative failure to raise the economic standard of living of the peoples he controlled. None the less history vindicates him. On the whole in an era when democracy was largely unknown outside the United States, when nationalism was non-existent outside Western Europe, when the crudest oppression and exploitation was unchecked by world opinion, British Colonial government has, by almost universal testimony, been singularly just, liberal, benevolent, and uncorrupt, and has laid foundations upon which the structure of self-government can now be peaceably reared.

* * *

When we turn to the United States we find an entirely different picture. World politics hardly enter into it at all. The development of a new type of society during a century of unexampled seclusion and international quiet behind the Atlantic, is everything.

The original contribution of the United States to world civilization has been democracy. The city government of Greece was not democracy because it rested upon slavery. Parliamentary government in England was not democracy because power lay mainly in the hands of an hereditary aristocracy. The French Revolution was not democracy; it was a movement for social equality, tempered by party despotism, so that France did not become democratic until 1870. Nor was American democracy the direct result of the revolution, for the vindication of independence and the construction of the federal Constitution was the reproduction on American soil of the overthrow of the Stuart régime and the creation of Parliamentary régime in Great Britain nearly a century before; and the Fathers were very suspicious of the people. It was the mingling of the moral independence of the Puritan and the Quaker with the vigorous initiative and social equality of the pioneer that gave birth in Jacksonian days to a movement which has not yet ceased to emancipate

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by Philip Kerr

and invigorate the whole of mankind. In that amazing story whereby the American democracy, throwing over the old authority of governments, strove and struggled through the energy and initiative of countless individuals to occupy and people a continent, to create dozens of new Governments, to equip itself with schools and public offices and factories, to ensure that the matchless resources of their country should be shared by all, America has created a new basis for civilization. The process has been tumultuous and confused, often lawless and corrupt. None the less it has been the genius of America to liberate individual initiative and to stimulate individual growth in all ranks of its people as no civilization has ever done before. If Britain has drawn up the forms of free government for the world, America has shown how to create out of every kind of human material self-respecting citizens who can work free government by democratic means.

The American, therefore, is as convinced as the Englishman that he has made a contribution to human progress unequalled by any other people, and that the rise of America has meant a "new birth" of independence for all mankind. And though there are some things to be said, on the other side—independence, for instance, has often been synonymous with self-assertion and neutrality with indifference to vital world issues—and though American methods of expansion westward and in the Carribean and the Pacific bear a singular resemblance to those of Great Britain, he is undoubtedly right. History will record that the American people have contributed most of the influences which are uplifting and inspiriting humanity to-day—the zeal for universal education, the attack on alcoholism, the determination to substitute universal prosperity for the old division into rich and poor, the conviction that it is the right of every people to govern themselves, the bubbling effervescence of democracy saturated with the conviction of the possibility of endless progress.

The world war brought these two halves of the English-speaking world into coöperation for the first time since 1776. The process was characteristic. The United States, wholly ignorant of what the war was about in 1914, gradually came to accept the British interpretation that in essence it was a struggle for free government against despotism. Great Britain, never dreaming of the possibility in 1914, gradually came to accept the American interpretation that it was also a war to make the world safe for democracy. In the heat of the conflict, too, each formulated a new world policy. The United States, forgetting her old conviction that the road to progress had to be blazed in the splendid isolation of the American republics, formulated, through her President, the conception of a new world order in which war should be dethroned and the problems of mankind could be settled by the pacific coöperation of all the free nations of the earth in a League of Nations assembled. Great Britain, forgetting her conviction that she alone possessed the secret of good government, opened wide the road to democracy in Ireland, India, Egypt, Ceylon, Malta, the West Indies, and with ten Dominions brought into being that amazing political structure, the modern British Commonwealth of Nations, in which war is outlawed among a quarter of the inhabitants of the globe. Both came to take much the same view about belligerent rights on the high seas.

Two years after the Armistice the reaction had set in. Perhaps the pace had been too hot. In 1920 the United States reverted precipitately to her old policy of "blazing the trail" in her own continent, entirely oblivious of the catastrophic effects of this decision on Europe. For the rejection of all the Treaties and the imperative demand that her Associates should pay their debts to the limit of their capacity not only removed the one impartial counsellor which could have helped Europe in her troubles, but wrecked the Reparations Commission, revived the terrors of France and so made the disastrous Ruhr adventure almost inevitable, increased the dislocation of the exchanges, and nearly destroyed the League of Nations. It intensified that very turmoil and confusion which Americans took as justification for washing their hands of any responsibility for the "vortex of European militarism."

The Englishman, therefore, in common with all Europeans, regards the conduct of the United States since the Peace Conference as the supreme instance of national selfishness and irresponsibility in modern history. To him the United States has behaved with a cynical indifference to the needs and sufferings of other nations, and to the efforts of humanity to organize the world for the prevention of war which is in striking contrast with the idealist professions which have fallen in profusion from American lips. As a nation she has been a "bad citizen."

To the American, of course, the picture is exactly the reverse. He has not the slightest comprehension of the effect of his decision in 1920 on Europe. Never having felt himself part of the world, but dedicated to the building of a new Jerusalem on American soil, he feels that he did infinitely more than Europe could ever have expected in swinging victory to the side of the Allies in 1918, and in humanitarian relief afterwards. He has been dazed by the picture of a Europe given over to secret treaties, diplomatic intrigue, and armaments. He feels, indeed, that he would have betrayed America's real contribution to world progress if he had allowed the American experiment in democracy to become entangled in the quicksands of those European divisions and wars which every American immigrant left Europe to escape. He has no doubt, therefore, that in essence his decision in 1920 was right and that the two conditions of world peace are that Europe should set her own house in order, and that the United States, strong and prosperous, should be free and independent to lead the world along the path to freedom, prosperity, and peace.

* * *

It is out of this history that the present Anglo-American estrangement springs. Neither side has understood the post-War problem. The United States has not assumed responsibility in world affairs and has tried to revert to neutrality. Great Britain has not realized how world politics have been permanently transformed by the rise of the United States and has tried to carry on a nineteenth century foreign policy. Each began to revert to their pre-War concepts of sea law. Further, since 1920 political discussion between London and Washington about world problems (excluding the Pacific) has been impossible. The League of Nations with its entanglement in Europe held the field as the only plan for settling international disputes peacefully. No Republican administration could afford to have any dealings with it save in non-controversial affairs. The peace movement has been hopelessly bogged in the effort to reconcile the European conception of peace through the League system and the American conception of peace through neutrality.

The only official discussions have therefore been about armaments—the most inflammatory of all questions when taken by itself, for the only way in which any nation can make itself secure by means of armaments is by having armaments which will make its neighbors insecure. At Washington the two great naval powers agreed to the general principle of "parity" in naval armaments, but neither thought out what "parity" meant. Great Britain did not mean by "parity" that the United States should have power to starve her into submission in a few weeks by interrupting her sea-borne food supplies. The United States did not mean by "parity" that the British navy should have the right to do to her trade when she was neutral what it had done in 1812 and 1914. This confusion of thought was brought brusquely to the surface at Geneva in 1927, when each side proposed an interpretation of parity which meant these very things.

Since Geneva, events and speeches have made matters worse. Each nation, conscious of the rectitude of its own traditions and intentions, has begun seriously to suspect the purpose of the other. Great Britain, seeing the absolute security of the United States and still thinking of the British navy as the shield of freedom, has begun to regard the insistence of Washington on large numbers of "offensive" cruisers as Imperialism speaking through the mask of hypocrisy. The United States, thinking of her future prosperity, has begun to regard the high tonnage demands of Britain and her objection to American superiority in 8-inch gun ships as evidence that *perfide Albion* accepted "parity" at Washington under false pretences and means at any cost, by alliances or otherwise, to keep "command of the seas."

To anyone who grasps the moral ideas which stand behind the political development of the British Empire and the United States, it is obvious that this estrangement is but a passing phase. Common sense will recognize that neutrality is impossible in any considerable war in the modern world and that neither nation can obtain security for its own trade by building competitive navies, acquiring bases, entering into alliances with other powers, or arguing about neutral and belligerent rights, but only the lineup for another world war. Moral sense will recognize that the responsibility which squarely confronts each is to cease thinking about its own security alone and to end the cruel and futile war system altogether by creating an alternative whereby reason and justice will prevail over the dictates of brute force as the arbiter of international questions and so give peace and security and their just rights to all nations.

The accomplishment of this end — the supreme international problem of the twentieth century—will take time, and its terms are not yet clear. But the signing of the Peace Pact opens the door once more to the discussion of it: for it sidetracks the old controversy about the League, sanctions entanglements in Europe, and so forth, and frees the still unanswered question whether the late war was really a war to end war from the embarrassments which have confused it for the last eight years. The outcome will depend in some degree upon all the Great Powers, especially France, Germany, and Japan. But it must depend primarily, whether they wish it or not, on the nations of the British Commonwealth and the United States, not because they have any exclusive monopoly of virtue, but because they respectively understand freedom and democracy, the two foundations of world peace, and because, as Admiral Mahan showed, they together share between them the ultimate police power of the world—the control of the seas. With their initiative the war system can be ended: without it there is no possibility of its being ended. For the ending of war requires not merely the formulation of ideas of international liberty and justice such as those already realized in the new British Commonwealth of Nations, it requires the democratization of international relations which Americanism will bring about, and the growth of a firm determination, backed by naval police power, that in the international sphere as already in the national, violence shall no longer be allowed to take the law into its own hands. It is only through the total prevention of war—defined as the use of force for the accomplishment of a national policy—that it will be possible for what Mr. Gladstone used to call the reign of public right to cover the whole earth as the waters cover the sea.

The first step towards that goal—the logical outcome of the Peace Pact—is that Great Britain should recognize that in future no nation can exercise belligerent rights against neutral trade as the means of enforcing its national policy and that the United States should recognize that in future no nation can enforce the right of neutrals to trade with a nation which is using war as the instrument of its national policy. The second step is that both countries should agree that the real naval problem which confronts them is not so much the size of their respective fleets, though they must be roughly equal, but the purposes for which naval power alone can be used once the renunciation of war has become the common law of the world. Is there any question that once they begin to think and act on these lines the English-speaking peoples will have it in their power, in association with the rest of the civilized world, to ensure that liberty, democracy, and peace shall be the future birthright of the great majority of mankind?

Philip Kerr, author of the foregoing article, was Editor of the Round Table from 1910-1916, *and secretary to Prime Minister Lloyd George from* 1916-1921. *In his latter capacity he took an active part in the peace negotiations. Next week he will discuss the economic aspects of Anglo-American relations.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books of Special Interest

Halladic Civilization

ZYGOURIES, A PREHISTORIC SETTLEMENT IN THE VALLEY OF CLEONÆ. By CARL W. BLEGEN. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1928. $15.

Reviewed by HETTY GOLDMAN

IN "Zygouries," Mr. Blegen presents the second of his publications in monograph form of the results of excavations of prehistoric sites in the region lying between ancient Corinth and Mycenæ. Slowly, by such painstaking and careful studies, the picture of the far less brilliant, but none the less important civilization of mainland Greece, contemporary with the great days of Crete, to which the name Minoan has been attached, is being drawn for us by archæologists. All of those who are interested in the material products of early civilizations, the pottery and simple tools and weapons they produced, the houses they built, the semblance under which they worshipped their gods; all those who seek to know what entered the soil of Greece to nourish the roots that flowered later in the varying manifestations of Greek art; all those whose imagination is quickened by the picture of the interaction of peoples one upon another in early times, will find much to stimulate and instruct in this book. Of necessity a great part of it is taken up with detailed and technical discussion of individual finds, but the logic and simplicity with which the material is arranged, the ease and lucidity of the author's style, make it better reading than those who have made sad acquaintance with archæological prose would be led to expect.

As very little knowledge of this special field of investigation has as yet penetrated to the general public, it may be well to analyze briefly the contribution made by Zygouries. The ancient name of our village has disappeared, but it was one of the numerous towns which, depending for its prosperity partly upon the agricultural exploitation of the fields in its immediate vicinity, partly upon trade, dominated from some convenient hilltop the smaller plains of the Argolid and the Corinthia in the period known as the bronze age of Greece—that is, from about 2500-1110 B.C. A long period. One would expect to find that it does not represent a cultural unit and indeed its unity consists chiefly in that which has given it its name, the fact that it was the age which knew the use of bronze and not yet, at least until its closing years, that of iron. Culturally, this epoch may be divided into at least three periods, but whether they correspond to as many racial changes we are as yet unable to say. To deal with them it has been necessary to provide a name; for by what name these peoples went among their contemporaries, we do not and probably shall never know. Mr. Blegen, and Mr. Wace, the latest and most scientific of the excavators of Mycenæ, have attached the name Helladic to the bronze age civilizations of Greece, and this name has been generally accepted, though not without the occasional protests which invariably accompany the baptism of any lusty archæological infant of unknown parentage.

In the first period we find a simple people living in substantially built, two-roomed houses, still using largely stone implements, but not without the knowledge of how to make bronze tools and weapons. Evidently they were at peace with their neighbors,—for their settlements were unfortified,—and in fairly lively trade relations with the islands to the East, from whence came some of their pottery, and in large quantity the volcanic obsidian of which they made such extended use. That there were substantial burghers among the inhabitants is shown by the gold and silver jewelry with which some of the dead were laid away.

Then came blackened ruins, ashes, cracked and charred pottery, to tell of hostile invasion, the possible abandonment of the site for a period, and then rehabilitation on a more modest scale by a people whose taste reveals itself in sober, well-made, but somewhat unimaginative pottery and who apparently lived more isolated lives than their forerunners. Was it decline of the mainland prosperity or decline of the island greatness that makes evidence of trade relations more rare during this period? Probably both. But the island of Melos still continues to supply its indispensable obsidian.

The history of Zygouries from this time on, like that of most mainland sites open to the influences which were penetrating to the great centres of civilization, such as Mycenæ, Tiryns, and Asine in the Argolid, Thebes and Orchomenos further north, is the history of the general submergence of the native artistic expression under the great cultural wave rolling in with ever greater force from the island of Crete. Third and last phase, this time a change without evidence of a violent break, so that we are at a loss whether to speak only of a cultural change or of a racial one as well, comes the period of the strongly fortified towns, of the rule of chieftains who lived on the hill-top in palaces or more modestly in what may be called manor houses, while their subject peasantry usually occupied the fields in the plain, seeking refuge behind the massive walls of the lord's domain only in troublous times.

One may surmise that to the overlord of Zygouries as to the mightier one of Thebes there was nothing dishonorable in trade. In both places vast stores of new and unused pottery stacked in cellars, and in the case of Thebes the actual potter's wheel, were found within the house of the ruler who doubtless profited by their sale, as princes of much later date have done by the products of their royal porcelain factories.

Then again we sense the decline of prosperity; and all ends almost as mysteriously as it had begun some fifteen hundred years before with the coming of an unknown people out of the east.

The book is divided into sections dealing successively with architecture, tombs, pottery, and miscellaneous objects, and concludes with a chapter summarizing the character of the finds, indicating parallels with other contemporary civilizations, and analyzing the evidence for establishing a more accurate chronology. The book is admirably printed and illustrated and has twenty colored plates. In dealing with the pottery of the Helladic periods, little of which has as yet found a place in museums outside of Greece,—and this is particularly true of our American museums,—it is almost a necessity to have the vases presented in a way which gives an accurate idea, not only of form, but also of color and texture.

A Journalist's View

UNDERSTANDING INDIA. By GERTRUDE MARVIN WILLIAMS. New York: Coward-McCann. 1928. $3.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES A. BATCHELDER

AS Mrs. Williams, a former reporter on the New York *Sun*, herself puts it, it is surprising that another American woman should bring from India impressions differing so greatly from those expressed by Miss Mayo in "Mother India." Mrs. Williams is a trained journalist, and travelled all over India, largely in third-class railway carriages, without servants, in order to secure a close view of the people. She had interviews with Gandhi and other prominent Indian Nationalists, talked intimately with people of all classes and races, and relates what she saw in a series of charming sketches, which are almost photographic in their accuracy and vividness. Many of the chapters, especially those on the Indian religions, are marvels of sympathetic insight. The style is very attractive, interspersed with anecdotes, personal adventures, and humorous incidents.

It does not seem to have occurred to her, however, to question the accuracy of the statements made to her by Indians, and so she sometimes unintentionally misrepresents situations because she did not have the time for research and comparative statistics. She rarely seems to realize either the difficulties or the motives of the British, and her remarks are usually colored with the Indian point of view. She saw many of the same horrors and abuses as Miss Mayo, but frequently tries to excuse them by making comparisons with exceptional situations in the United States, or with medieval Europe. In a number of respects she confirms Miss Mayo. "The look of tragic hopelessness in many women's eyes." "Children pitifully maimed, old skeletons, male and female, exhibited their hideous masses of corruption until I grew as callous as a medical student."

Readers who are inclined to doubt the accuracy of Miss Mayo's statements may wish to read the story of similar observations without any effort at intentional propaganda, sympathetically written, with the explanations presented by cultured Indians.

One of the most hopeful sections is devoted to the movement for reform originated and carried on by Indians, and to the improvements which are inevitable as the result of Occidental education, sanitation, and industrialization.

THE HISTORY of BRITISH CIVILIZATION

ESMÉ WINGFIELD-STRATFORD

Here, in the words of James Truslow Adams (*N. Y. Sun*) "is the most important and interesting history of the British Empire since Green."

New facts and a new historical view-point make the time ripe for such an undertaking, and Mr. Wingfield-Stratford has accomplished it on a far wider basis than has ever been done, or thought of, before. From the Piltdown skull to the 1914-1918 War, he has welded together the whole of English, Scottish, Irish, Indian, Colonial and Dominion history.

Politics, religion, science, industry, literature and the arts — are all woven into an integral narrative whose every detail, it is believed, embodies the findings of the most recent research.

English and American critics have been unanimous in accepting these volumes as *the* significant historical work in the field.

Two Volumes. $12.00

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY

The Vergilian Age

By ROBERT S. CONWAY

"Its charm of interpretation and beauty of diction will make it a joy to all lovers of literature, for despite its unassailable scholarship it is eminently a book for the layman."—*Boston Transcript.* "In reading these lectures we feel the charm of Vergil's personality as well as the charm of his poetry."—*Richmond Times Dispatch.*

The essays discuss, among other subjects, the location of Vergil's farm, the golden bough and its significance, the structure of epic poetry, and the career of Scipio Africanus.

$2.50 a copy

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

2 RANDALL HALL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

New Books by
ST. JOHN ERVINE

How to Write a Play

The noted playwright and critic for *The World* sets down some sage and sound advice for the beginner in dramatic writing. $1.75

The Mountain and Other Stories

"I can recommend his stories without fear or favor."—*Walter Yust* in the *Philadelphia Ledger.* $2

The Wayward Man

"A powerful and moving book: there are passages... comparable with the great literature of the sea."—*American Mercury.* $2.50

Four One-Act Plays

"They have the folk quality, the sincerity and the truth of the Manchester Abbey theatre schools."—*New York Herald Tribune.* $1.50

The Macmillan Co. New York

An Unusual Novel of Modern Marriage by One of the "Writing Gibbses"

HUMDRUM HOUSE

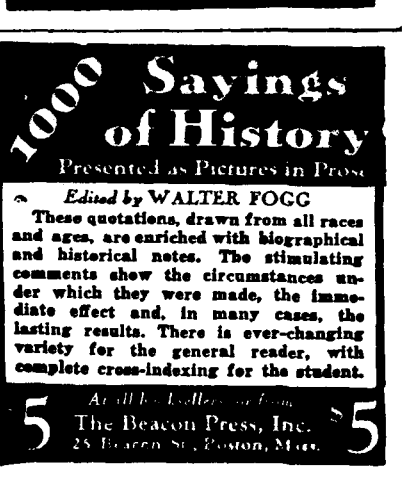
BY JEANNETTE PHILLIPS GIBBS

The story of two individualists who, having reached the "humdrum stage" of married life, play with fire in working out their problem.

A dramatic novel of modern trend, full of sparkling characterization and clever observation, and dealing freshly with an omnipresent question.

$2.50 at all Booksellers

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY Publishers Boston



1000 Sayings of History

Presented as Pictures in Prose

Edited by WALTER FOGG

These quotations, drawn from all races and ages, are enriched with biographical and historical notes. The stimulating comments show the circumstances under which they were made, the immediate effect and, in many cases, the lasting results. There is ever-changing variety for the general reader, with complete cross-indexing for the student.

$5 At all booksellers or from The Beacon Press, Inc. 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. $5

DEVELOP POWER

AT HOME

to *initiate, persevere, achieve;* carry on through life your education; earn credit toward a Bachelor degree, by using the 450 courses

The University of Chicago

Gives by Correspondence

Inquire or check the adv. to show desire and mail to Ellis Hall, University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AT THE CREST
OF THE
CRIME WAVE

THE DOUBLE
by Edgar Wallace

THE TULE
MARSH MURDER
by Nancy Barr Mavity

PARADISE COURT
by J. S. Fletcher

THE PRISONER
IN THE OPAL
by A. E. W. Mason

THE INNOCENT
ACCOMPLICE
by Mrs. Baillie Reynolds

THE BAFFLE BOOK
by Lassiter Wren and Randle McKay

THE CRIME CLUB celebrated its record day last week when 17,500 of its books were sold in 8 hours. The six best sellers above led mystery sales at all bookstores. $2.00 each.

CRIME CLUB, INC.
GARDEN CITY

23,000
Americans have
already bought
the BEVERIDGE
LINCOLN

"This life of Lincoln will be a source which scholars and readers alike will inevitably seek for a complete and vital understanding of the man. It is the last word."

Philadelphia Ledger

Two illustrated volumes

$12.50 Houghton Mifflin Co.

Foreign Literature

An Imperialist

GEORGES SOREL, Théoricien de l'Impérialisme. By PIERRE LASSERRE. Paris: L'Artisan du Livre. 1928.

Reviewed by A. D. HILL

There are certain striking similarities common to all of the vivid movements of the post-war years, from Bolshevism on the left to Fascism on the right. They represent different institutionalizations of a single current of ideas, pragmatic on its positive side, and on its negative, anti-Liberal. Little was heard of this current before the war,—those years were the heyday of Liberalism,—yet it is possible to find, in a pre-war writer, an almost complete exposition of its theory. The writer is Georges Sorel. It has become a commonplace that he is the father alike of Lenine and of Mussolini; perhaps it is not carrying his paternity beyond the legitimate to include even *l'Action Française* among his offspring. In one form or another, his theories have been seized upon by all the present day forces which flank the parliamentary state on either side; institutionally they are utterly incompatible; ideationally they are practically indistinguishable. Each in its particular way represents the imperialism of a social group. The extent to which his writings form the background of these imperialisms is the basis of the recent study made by M. Pierre Lasserre of the ideas of Georges Sorel.

* *

With an incisiveness and a compression which it is not easy to parallel, M. Lasserre traces the growth of Sorel's thought through the two major influences of Marx and Nietzsche into an *impérialisme ouvrier*. Nietzsche provided him with the idea of the dominance of the Super-man, and the morality of force which necessarily accompanied it. Marx, through his doctrine of the decadence of the bourgeoisie, indicated the proletariat as the Super-Class which should dominate. To these two influences Sorel added his own idea of the revolutionary myth.

A myth arises from a religious apprehension of the tragic sense of life. It is pessimistic and negative in contrast to rational philosophic systems which are optimistic and positive. Its heroic portent alone can give men the courage without which the narrow conditions of the march to deliverance engulf them. Through history there have been a number of such myths, widely different in form but all capable of giving a transcendent aim to those beholding them.

M. Lasserre makes a thorough analysis of the development of this idea of class-consciousness, of the transition from Marxism to Neo-Marxism and to the teachings of Sorel with regard to the idea of the revolution. Marx prophesied an increasing cleavage between the capitalists and the proletariat due to the automatic operation of economic law; when it became apparent that he had been mistaken, such Socialist leaders as Bernstein set about changing the idea of class conflict from that of an inevitable fact to that of a psychological desire; Sorel goes one step further and transforms it into a revolutionary myth to motivate the proletariat.

* *

This book is a brilliant exposition of Sorel's ideas. But it is more than that. In the introduction M. Lasserre says that it is to be read not for its revelation of his own personality but as a dictionary article on the ideas and influences of his subject. The first chapter follows this mood. But the succeeding pages turn into a defense of the Liberal point of view that is perhaps as important as the discussion which is the primary purpose of the study.

The technique of this defense is perfect. It is undeniable that of recent years Liberalism has been looking a little fusty; its costume is the stiff shirt of a daguerreotype; it has neither the softly folded trappings of a Camelot du Roi or the ultra-modern outlines of a mass of weaponed shirts (be they black or red). It moves deliberately; its gestures lack *panache*.

But M. Lasserre succeeds in turning the tables. Under his analysis, instead of the Liberals it is the emissaries of imperialism who appear just faintly ridiculous. The effect which he produces recalls the moment when one rereads and discover the truth about Cyrano:

Sorel estime qu'il n'y a pas de milieu pour une communauté humaine entre la décadence morale, et la poursuite de quelque entreprise de libération ou bien de conquête. La Croisade ou La Mort! Ainsi cette doctrine se laisserait-elle fidélement résumer. . . . . Tous ces desseins impliquent de l'enthousiasme. Et Sorel nous donne le choix entre enthousiasme et médiocrité, ou plutot décadence de toutes les forces morales.

In other words, unless one can be sure of a dragon, there is a certain lack of balance in the uplifted pose of a St. George.

Furthermore, there are two aspects to a dragon which must not be neglected. The very fact that the advent of a dragon is an event implies its rarity. Between dragons, therefore, the followers of the myth are spiritually unemployed (and come back upon parliament to create dragons in the form of public works). For such periods, and they are long, the Liberal point of view has something to offer. The second point is that a dragon is by definition evil; that is to say, St. George's fight is a struggle between good and evil, a moral struggle. But is there a modern idea of revolution which has no other morality than the immorality of force?

Maistre, Taine, n'en ont eu aucune idée, non plus qu'en général les conservateurs du XIXe siècle, ni davantage les libéraux. Ils ont cru qu'il n'y avait de Révolution qu'idéaliste. Révolution d'une part, idéalisme politique et social de l'autre, sont deux termes qu'ils ont identifiés. Pour Marx et son disciple Sorel, il y a une Révolution commandée, non point par une metaphysique politique qui ne tient pas compte des réalités, mais par les réalités elles-mêmes; une Révolution réclamée, non pas au nom de droits idéaux, mais au nom d'un fait, et d'un fait brutal, qui n'est autre que l'evolution economique.

Such revolutions are founded not on a myth but on a fact; and this confusion of morality with the will to possess or to control (according to whether it is a revolution of the left or of the right) brings out the strength of the case for Liberalism.

M. Lasserre questions why Sorel never paid attention to the democratic myth and the course of its history as reflected in the history of the Third Estate. It is on the value to humanity of the intellectual contributions of its members that he rests the Liberal case.

Le libéralisme intellectuel implique cette dose de confiance dans le genre humain qu'aucun homme ne lui saurait refuser sans se faire injure à soi-même. Il n'est nullement optimiste, non plus qu'ilmest pessimiste. Car il est une doctrine d'action; et ces deux erreurs jumelles paralysent ou ralentissent, chacune à sa maniére, l'action. Il s'inspire de cette présupposition sagement généreuse, qu'aucun des hauts efforts que l'esprit humain a pu accomplir pour penser le vrai, créer le beau, déterminer le bien, n'a été perdu.

He views the development of this outlook on life as a long-time affair, with its periods of lassitude as well as its moments of achievement. He welcomes the advent of men like Georges Sorel who by the incisiveness of their opposition cut away whatever there is of falseness in the tradition.

The fact that M. Lasserre treats the Liberal point of view as a tradition is in itself arresting and shows the cleavage between the twentieth century and the nineteenth. The ancient régime is no longer a point of departure for left-ward movements. The center of gravity has shifted; the ancien regime is now the right wing. To M. Lasserre Liberalism sums up the universal elements in human experience, whatever is of general application and common concern. It is the great central stream; to the left and right groups differentiate themselves from it and spurt forth with the spectacular energy of their imperialism, but the depths of life are not theirs.

Of recent years a defense of balance, of order based on justice, of the temperate elements of life, has been badly wanting. The deliberateness of the universal has seemed stodgy, fatly optimistic, dilute, in comparison with the concentrated, forceful, risky action of the particular. M. Lasserre, in analysing the ideas of the man who has given to the latter much of its glamour, has gone far toward the revindication of the former as a point of view. He admits the current weakness of a humanism which has verged on the pantheistic; but he upholds the core of its idea, of a general justice for all men as men, not a differentiated justice applied by a group according to whether or not the person in question is a party member.

The Woman Who Reads

Wants a new book—"something that is amusing and clever, not too highbrow and yet worthwhile." May we suggest:

SEEING'S BELIEVING
By Gerard Hopkins

A modern daughter's conduct brings her conservative English father to a sudden realization of the tragedy of middle age.

THE REBEL GENERATION
By Jo Van Ammers-Kuller

What has woman's fight for freedom gained her? Read this tale of three generations of Dutch women and find the answer. Van Loon calls it "a human document poured into the form of a novel."

PLUCK THE FLOWER
By John Brophy

A materialist and an idealist brought into contrast in a moving story of their love for the same girl. The setting is a big department store.

WHO IS THEN THIS MAN?
By Melanie Marnas

To fit in with a quiet, contemplative mood, we suggest this sympathetic study of the Life of Christ, translated from the French by Henry Longan Stuart. It merits comparison with the famous lives by Renan and Papini.

The Man Who Browses

Likes fiction, biography, general literature, depending upon the mood of the moment. Why not offer him a sample of each and let him choose for himself?

THE SPECTACLES OF MR. CAGLIOSTRO
By Harry S. Keeler

Chosen as the Dutton Mystery-of-the-Month for January, this diabolical tale of a mad-house promises as much excitement as the author's earlier thriller, "Sing Sing Nights."

IDA BROKE
By Chick Evans and Barry Payne

The joyousness and solemnity of golf in a book whose title is best explained by the familiar words "I'd 'a' broke ninety, but—"

THE LIFE OF MOSES
By Edmond Fleg

"A book not to be missed by anyone with the slightest interest in the Bible."
—Dorothy Canfield.

BARTOLOME DE LAS CASAS
By Marcel Brion

The adventurous story of the "Father of the Indians," a man who dared take the part of the Incas against the Spaniards in the days of South American conquest.

TWENTY YEARS AMONG THE TWENTY-YEAR-OLDS
By James Anderson Hawes

What if it does upset you as a parent? It's the truth about the social life of our colleges and universities, told by the traveling secretary of the D. K. E. fraternity.

Here is a quick and easy way to do your book shopping. Check the titles that interest you. Ask your bookseller to show them to you or send direct to the publisher with check or money order.

- ☐ SEEING'S BELIEVING - - - - - $2.50
- ☐ THE REBEL GENERATION - - - 2.50
- ☐ PLUCK THE FLOWER - - - - 2.50
- ☐ WHO IS THEN THIS MAN? - - 2.50
- ☐ THE SPECTACLES OF MR. CAGLIOSTRO - - - - - - - - - - 2.00
- ☐ IDA BROKE - - - - - - - - - 3.50
- ☐ THE LIFE OF MOSES - - - - - 3.00
- ☐ BARTOLOME DE LAS CASAS - - 3.00
- ☐ TWENTY YEARS AMONG THE TWENTY-YEAR-OLDS - - - - 3.00

E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.
300 Fourth Ave., New York City

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Points of View

A Reply to Mr. Kallen

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Not enjoying Mr. H. M. Kallen's advantage of being a professional philosopher, I may perhaps be pardoned if in discussing his review (*The Saturday Review*, Dec. 15) of Professor Foerster's "American Criticism" I do not succeed in displaying that tolerant sympathy, that rare restraint and incisive scholarship, that cool and philosophic power of making distinctions illustrated in his gracious conclusion that "Humanism . . . is a lot of boloney."

Since I have already written a long detailed review of the book for the March number of the new journal, *American Literature*, I must refrain from any general comment; I should simply like to raise the question as to whether Mr. Kallen's unfair review—practically a review of only one chapter—is not based partly upon a failure to grasp the relation of the fundamental terms of debate, the terms naturism, romanticism, and realism (along with naturalism), which Mr. Foerster relates, not as coördinate, but as, for example, our Congress, Senate, and House of Representatives are related. According to Mr. Kallen, "As Mr. Foerster reports it, the Humanism of these gentlemen is made to contrast sharply with romanticism (which he says dominated Poe and Emerson and Lowell and Whitman), and realism and 'naturism' (which, he says, dominate the twentieth century)." What Mr. Foerster *does* say as to the relationship of the terms is as follows: "The age of naturism stretches from the seventeenth century to the present." "Rationalism and sentimentalism . . . were divergent manifestations of this same tendency, an extraordinary faith in nature. The way was thus prepared for the great literary apostle of nature, Rousseau . . . ; and by Rousseau the way was prepared, throughout Europe, for the Romantic Movement." "By means of evolutionary science, the actual overcame the ideal, and correspondingly realism and naturalism overcame romanticism . . . The fact that realism was a reaction against romanticism must not be permitted, however, to obscure their essential kinship." Naturism, then, is clearly viewed as the father of both romanticism and realism, not as the brother of romanticism and realism, as Mr. Kallen implies.

Futhermore, the core of Mr. Foerster's attitude toward the main figures—Emerson and Lowell—and their relation to modern criticism, is completely misinterpreted. Mr. Foerster does *not* say—as Mr. Kallen reports—that "romanticism . . . dominated . . . Emerson and Lowell." What he *does* say is that "the main current of Emerson's mind was not the romantic but the classic," and that Lowell—found to be America's greatest critic—is "the leading humanist of the renaissance of New England." And humanism, instead of being merely a faddish and modern "critical sect"—a faith embraced by only a handful of academic recluses to-day—is the culmination "of a genuinely critical movement that may be traced back, in this country, to Emerson and Lowell, . . . by no means wholly committed to the modern programme . . . . (whose) memories reached far back into the past, Lowell's to Dante, and Emerson's to Plato." The book, then, is much more sympathetic and constructive than Mr. Kallen would lead one to think.

It is noteworthy, also, that Mr. Kallen—elegantly superior to the honest thoroughness of expression which is to him merely synonymous with "the familiarity of an old skilled cook with the cuts of a beef"—nowhere complains of Mr. Foerster's inability to make himself clear. Indeed, he says that his "exposition is . . . full, detailed, and clear," that he uses the "expository devices of the class-room," the "skilful repetitions" and "the masterly summaries." Has not Mr. Kallen failed, in a most signal instance, to grasp the line of thought which he has chosen to attack so rashly? He seems to be fighting in the dark, and fighting an unknown enemy—a "ghost," to use his own term. He confesses that he did not see the enemy plainly until the last chapter—and one may question whether he did even then, despite the class-room aids.

HARRY HAYDEN CLARK.
The University of Wisconsin.

A conqueror among novels

The best-selling novel in America and the most highly praised book in years. *Grischa* is already in its 85th Thousand It is being hailed not only as a masterpiece but as the most stirring and thrilling of novels.

"The first great novel yet written anywhere about the war."—Lion Feuchtwanger.

"Masterly."—Arnold Bennett. "Very remarkable and beautiful."—Hugh Walpole. "Of all novels of recent years there is none that affected me so profoundly."—Arthur Schnitzler. "The finest book in many moons."—Hendrik Van Loon. "Masterpiece."—Frank Swinnerton.

THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA

by ARNOLD ZWEIG

Chosen by The Book-of-the-Month Club for December
Translated from the German by Eric Sutton. $2.50

THE VIKING PRESS
18 East 48th Street New York

Romanticism

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

May I say a few words in connection with the letter of Mr. Norman Foerster, in your issue of January 12, which you published under the title "Babbitt, More, *et al*"?

It is not surprising, indeed, that people reading about the discussion raging over Romanticism, Naturism, etc., should be somewhat confused over the issue, and also that the stand taken by Babbitt, More, *et al.* should have added somewhat to the confusion. But, as a student of Rousseau and Romanticism for many years, I would say that the case is inadequately stated by Mr. Foerster when he puts it that Babbitt, More, *et al.* are really preaching Romanticism in the guise of Classicism and Humanism. The case ought to be stated the other way around, namely that Rousseau—always the chief culprit in the eyes of Babbitt, More *et al.*,—is the one who preaches Classicism and Humanism under the name of Romanticism [of course, the name Romanticism was not used in Rousseau's time, but this is a mere question of words]. Reference is made here chiefly to the writings of Rousseau, his philosophical writings;—let us ignore the man Rousseau, if you prefer.

I hope to offer convincing proof of this in the book that is coming out shortly in Paris, "La Pensée de J. J. Rousseau, Essai d'Interprétation Nouvelle" (Alcan, in the collection Bibliothèque de Philosophie contemporaine).

ALBERT SCHINZ.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Ludwig's "Goethe"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

There is no question but that Emil Ludwig's "Goethe" is a bad book; but it is no worse, relatively and proportionately, than Mary M. Colum's review. The real fault of Ludwig's treatment rests in his putting down as facts what real scholars have, after a century of search and research, been unable to agree upon. There is, for example, Goethe's interview with Napoleon. No one, except Ludwig, knows precisely what took place.

Your reviewer goes back to George Henry Lewes (1855)—and now calls for a new and real life of Goethe. The world needs a new life of Goethe about as much as the United States needs still more automobiles. Is your reviewer at all aware of the existence of the lives, some of them running into six volumes, all but two in two or three volumes, by Calvin Thomas, Croce, Hume, Brown, Bode, Gundolf, Brandes, and J. M. Carré (1927), all of which are "recent" publications?

There is no real point to your reviewer's objection to the translations. Of course, no one can render *Wie herrlich leuchtet mir die Natur* once these words have got fixed in the mind; to the stranger, however, an adequate, even distinguished, translation is not merely possible: it is rather easy. What your reviewer says regarding subjectivity and objectivity—whew!

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD.
West Virginia University.

Information Wanted

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I have undertaken to write a biography of Francesco da Miranda and should appreciate any information sent me about inedited MSS. on his career.

W. L. ROBERTSON.
808 Florida Ave.,
Urbana, Ill.

"Rhyme of the Pronghorn"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I ought not to cavil at all to so generous a review as Bertha E. Mahony's of "The Children Sing in The West," and Miss Mahony should merely consider that she is the most shining point to which to attach a correction of a suggestion which is being made by reviewers to an extent that is beginning to get on the author's nerves. It is to the effect that my poem, "Rhyme of The Pronghorn" beginning

This is the tale that the howlers tell,

is reminiscent of Mr. Kipling's "Law of The Jungle." I admit the likeness, but I also wish to call attention to the announcement in my preface that these poems were most of them written when I was just old enough not to be called a child myself, forty years ago, when Mr. Kipling was still writing "Plain Tales from The Hills," and this particular poem dates from 1891.

I'm not sure whether it was published before "The Jungle Book" or contemporaneously with it, because I do not recall the exact date of the appearance of "The Jungle Book" in *St. Nicholas*, though I recall very well that I was accused of writing it by an overcautious parent who feared that my poems were giving children false ideas of animal life. But if either of the poems is reminiscent it is surely Mr. Kipling's.

I also wish to take this opportunity to thank Miss Mahony for suggesting that the information in the Thanksgiving poem deserved more dignity of phrasing, but I humbly submit that

A plump and crispy drumstick or a tender slice of breast

is to the child mind as truly poetic and quotable as the classic refrain

Gammon and spinach and a heigh-o.

Although I admit the possibility that a young reviewer of today may not know what a gammon is any more than I knew what a heigh-o could be, since for years I went on supposing that it was something to eat——And if Mr. Kipling took a suggestion from my "Rhyme of The Pronghorn" I should consider it the most flattering thing that ever happened to me.

MARY AUSTIN.
Santa Fe, New Mexico.

A Life of De Quincey

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

Will you kindly announce in your letter column that I am at work upon a new life of Thomas De Quincey with the consent and coöperation of his granddaughters. I have in hand a large amount of unpublished material; but in my desire to gather all possible information, I should be grateful if anyone having, or knowing of, letters of De Quincey or material pertaining to his life would communicate with me.

HORACE A. EATON.
Syracuse University.

"Dr. Faustus"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

I am making a study of George Soane's "Dr. Faustus" which was produced at Drury Lane Theater on May 16, 1825 and in 1827, and should like to hear from any of your readers who can give me the following information or know where it is available: How the play was received by dramatic critics; what English and German literary critics thought of it; to what extent Soane depended upon other "Fausts" in writing it; and what his status was in general as a dramatist.

I shall be very grateful for any light which your readers might be able to shed on this rather obscure person and his work.

REBECCA B. ROSENBAUM.
213 North Winebiddle Avenue,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 52. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best short rhymed poem called "Still Life." (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of January 28.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

SOME MODERN SCULPTORS. By *Stanley Casson.* Oxford University Press.

LIONS AND LAMBS. Caricatures by *Low.* Interpretations by *"Lynx."* Harcourt, Brace. $3.75.

ENGLISH MEDIEVAL PAINTING. By *T. Borenius* and *E. W. Tristram.* Pegasus Press: Harcourt, Brace. $31.50.

SPANISH ROMANESQUE SCULPTURE. By *A. Kingsley-Porter.* Pegasus Press: Harcourt, Brace. $1.50.

GIOVANNI PISANO. By *Adolpho Venturi.* Pegasus Press: Harcourt, Brace. $42.

THE DRAWINGS OF G. B. TIEPOLO. By *Detlev von Hadeln.* 2 vols. Pegasus Press: Harcourt, Brace. $63.

ENGLISH ILLUMINATION. By *O. Elfrida Saunders.* Vol. I. Pegasus Press: Harcourt, Brace. 2 vols. $56.

SYMBOLICUM APOSTOLICUM. By *O. Smital.* Pegasus Press: Harcourt, Brace. $28.

ART STUDIES, MEDIEVAL, RENAISSANCE, AND MODERN. Edited by Members of the Departments of Fine Arts of Harvard and Princeton Universities. Harvard University Press.

BAROQUE ARCHITECTURE OF PRAGUE. By *E. Dostal* and *J. Sima.* Pegasus Press: Harcourt, Brace. $35.

DOCUMENTS POUR LEWIS A L'ETUDE DE L'ART EGYPTIEN. By *Jean Capart.* Pegasus Press: Harcourt, Brace. $42.

CARACTERES DE L'ECRITURE. By *Stanley Morison.* Pegasus Press: Harcourt, Brace.

GEORGE O. "POP" HART. Edited by *Holger Cahill.* New York: Downtown Gallery, 113 West 13th Street.

Belles Lettres

DO WE AGREE? A debate between *G. K. Chesterton* and *Bernard Shaw.* Mitchell.

THE YELLOW BOOK. Edited by *Cedric Ellsworth Smith.* Hartford: Mitchell.

THE CRITICISM OF LITERATURE. By *Elizabeth Fritchie.* Macmillan.

THE ECSTASIES OF THOMAS DE QUINCEY. Chosen by *Thomas Burke.* Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.

LYRICAL POETRY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By *H. J. C. Grierson.* Harcourt, Brace. $1.25.

THE STRUCTURE OF THE NOVEL. By *Edwin Muir.* Harcourt, Brace. $1.25.

CARLISLE'S THEORY OF THE HERO. By *B. H. Lehman.* Duke University Press. $2.50.

JESUS CHRIST IN FLANDRE. By *Honoré de Balzac.* Strawberry-Hill Press.

A SURVEY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By *Oliver Elton.* Macmillan. 2 vols. $8 per set.

PHASES OF ENGLISH POETRY. By *Herbert Read.* Harcourt, Brace. $1.25.

BETWIXT HEAVEN AND CHARING CROSS. By *Martin Burrell.* Macmillan.

LIBERTY IN THE MODERN WORLD. By *George Bryon Logan, Jr.* University of North Carolina Press. $2.

Biography

HANS ANDERSEN, THE MAN. By ELITH REUMERT. Dutton. 1928. $3.50.

It is generally conceded that fairy tales are the symbolic representation of the suppressed and repressed desires of the childhood of the race. The obvious symbolism of them appeals to children, but their inner content is for mature minds. Granted this, the author of a volume of fairy tales read around the world for two generations should be an interesting subject for a biographical study, an unusual and absorbing personality.

"Hans Andersen, the Man" is neither penetrating nor trenchant, but it is a readable and informative book for the student of biography or the reader who cares to read between the lines. It is in no sense a formal biography but rather a series of loosely connected chapters dealing with various aspects of Andersen's character: his vanity—or lack of it—, his love of children, his power of imagination, his religion. One gets a very definite idea of his traits of character, but finds much of the material composing the book unworked and cold.

Mr. Reumert, the author, has unfortunately taken to heart the hope of rehabilitation; he tries too ardently to defend Andersen's character from the attacks that have been made upon it. Fully half of the chapters are filled with eager wars on previous commentators on Andersen; Andersen was not vain; he was not penurious; he was not egotistical. In these refutations Mr. Reumert makes use only of Andersen's diaries and his letters, overlooking the constant self-deception that an inveterate diarist practices. He proves, for example, that Andersen was not vain by profuse and varied quotations from Andersen's diaries—quotations that show his extreme modesty and humility. This is a defence that any psychologist would tell him is worse than no proof at all. He splits hairs on the subject of Andersen's penuriousness under the impression that all undesirable traits must be battered away before the reader can share his very genuine affection for the man. He gives us facts after facts about Andersen, but either draws no deductions from these facts or makes the wrong deduction.

Here was a man, moody, introspective, lovable, gifted with an unusual poetic talent that flowered in a naïve and grotesque form of art. He is tortured by terrible dreams, by an imagination that causes him constant anxiety. He is extremely sensitive, is in constant dread of fire, restless and capricious. He has been consistently disappointed in a series of idealistic love affairs; he is admittedly abnormal, plagued throughout his entire life with illnesses that are real or imaginary. He is a source book of traits but the reader waits impatiently for a synthesis, for the building of a personality—a synthesis that never comes. A failure to interpret material or failure to interpret it correctly removes every vestige of authority from this biography but leaves it an interesting and well-illustrated note book on a great figure.

THE COLLECTED LETTERS OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH. Edited by *K. C. Balderston.* Cambridge University Press (Macmillan).

MORE CANDID CHRONICLES. By *Hector Charlesworth.* Macmillan.

LEIBNIZ. By *Herbert Wildon Carr.* Little, Brown. $3 net.

PERE MARQUETTE. By *Agnes Repplier.* Doubleday, Doran. $3 net.

THE DIARY OF FRANCISCO DE MIRANDA. The Spanish text, edited by *William Spence Robertson.* Hispanic Society of America.

FRANZ SCHUBERT AND HIS TIMES. By *Karl* KOBALD. Knopf. $5.

FIVE MEN OF FRANKFORT. By *Marcus Eli Ravage.* Dial. $5.

Drama

STAGE LIGHTING. By C. H. RIDGE. Houghton Mifflin. 1928. $4.

Mr. Ridge has followed up the success of his first book "Stage Lighting for Little Theatres" with this volume "Stage Lighting." It is an excellent book, intended for the amateur, with many useful plans and diagrams, and beautifully illustrated with photographs of many productions of the Festival Theatre in Cambridge, England. Primarily a technical book, it contains chapters on switchboards, lighting equipment, installation, etc., followed by problems involved in the use of light in modern stage productions and new types of experimental theatre structures.

PLAYWRITING FOR PROFIT. By ARTHUR EDWIN KROWS. Longmans, Green. 1928. $3.50.

Almost all well-informed amateurs have sooner or later come across Arthur Edwin Krows's "Play Production in America" and benefitted by the contact. Mr. Krows has now followed his stout and invaluable manual on the problems of actual producing with a no less stout and no less valuable volume devoted to the principles of playwriting. By its title—"Playwriting for Profit"—as well as by the ordering of its contents it confesses practicality as its aim. And as a clear, informative statement of such matters as "Plot," "Sustained Interest," "Characterization," "Dialogue," and "Production" it more than achieves its purpose. One of its chiefest merits is the manner in which Mr. Krows for the most part avoids dogmatism in offering his helpful instruction, and one of its chiefest charms is Mr. Krows's life-long love of his subject which shows on every page and makes his book an invaluable mine for quotations from what past and current practitioners and critics have said about playwriting.

Necessarily "Playwriting for Profit" says much that has been said before by such of its distinguished precursors as Freytag's "Technique of the Drama," W. T. Price's "The Technique of the Drama," William Archer's "Playmaking," and G. P. Baker's "Dramatic Technique." Nor does it by any means always improve on its forerunners. But taken all in all it is a manual that is bound to be helpful, if not inspiring, to those many men and women who try their hands at playwriting, or who hope to.

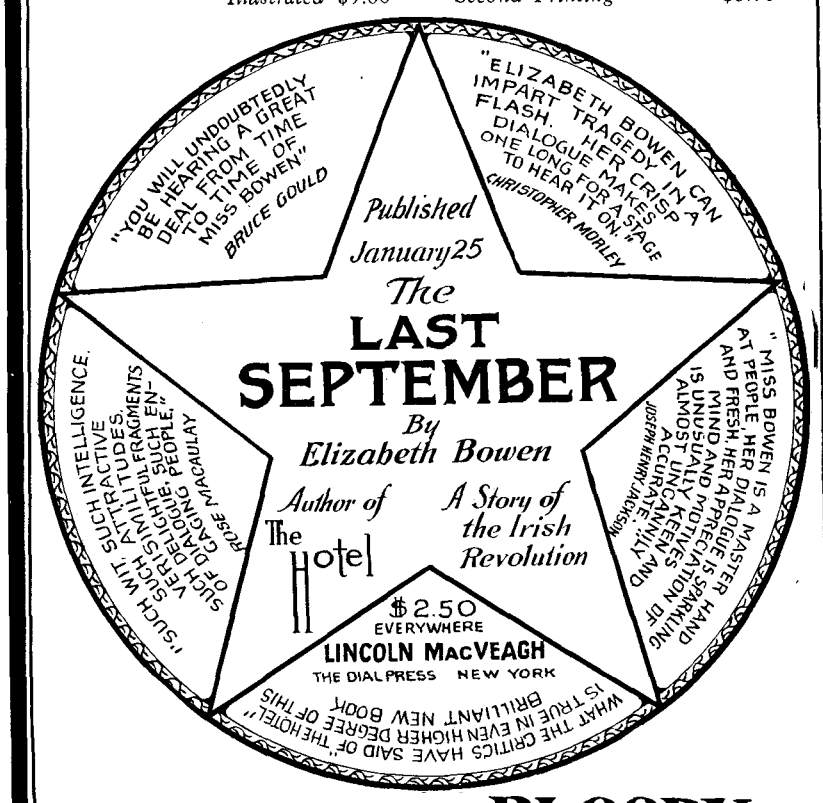
READINGS FROM BRITISH DRAMA. By *Allardyce Nicoll.* Crowell. $3.50.

THREE PLAYS. By *Fanny Purdy Palmer.* Purdy Press. 3 parts.

(*Continued on next page*)

FIVE MEN of FRANKFORT
By Marcus E. Ravage
The astonishing story of the Rothschilds, in one volume. Clever, readable, swift.
Illustrated $5.00

CATHOLICISM and the Modern Mind
By Michael Williams
Editor of *The Commonweal*
"I wish everyone might read it."—*William Lyon Phelps.*
Second Printing $3.50

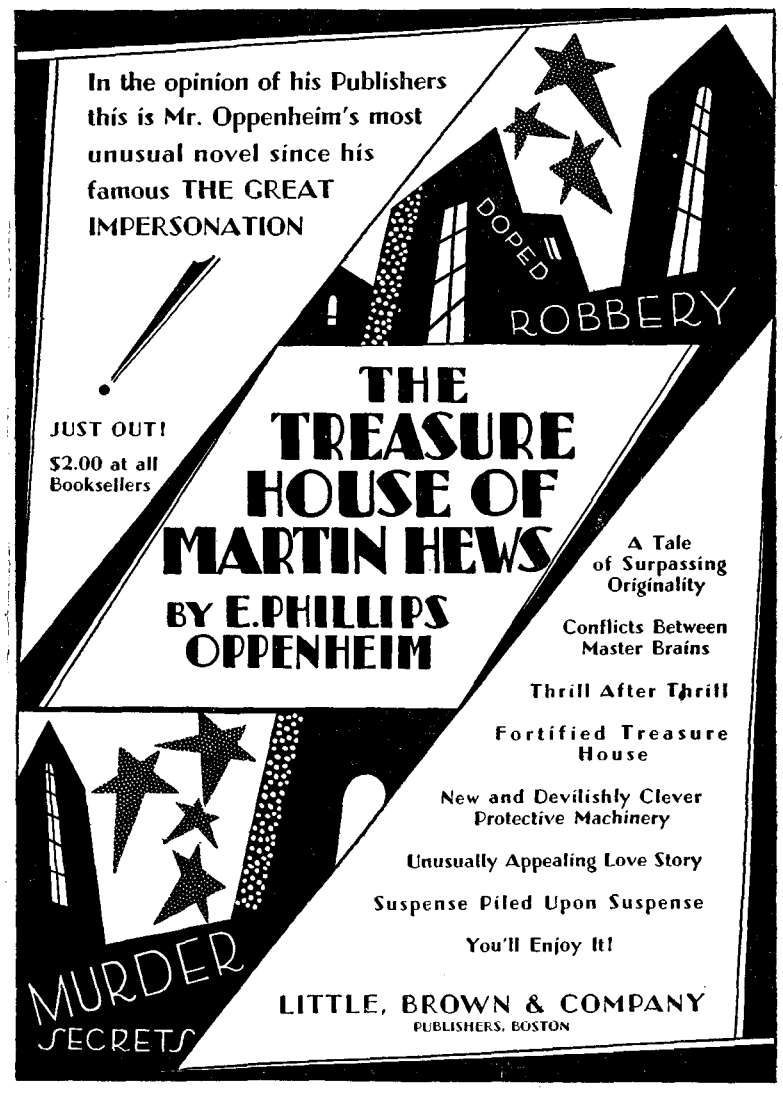

"YOU WILL UNDOUBTEDLY BE HEARING A GREAT DEAL FROM TIME TO TIME OF MISS BOWEN"
BRUCE GOULD
"ELIZABETH BOWEN CAN IMPART TRAGEDY IN A FLASH. HER CRISP DIALOGUE MAKES ONE LONG FOR A STAGE TO HEAR IT ON."
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY
Published January 25
The LAST SEPTEMBER
By Elizabeth Bowen
Author of The Hotel
A Story of the Irish Revolution
"MISS BOWEN IS A MASTER AT PEOPLE. HER DIALOGUE AND FRESH. HER APPRECIATION OF MIND AND MOTIVE IS UNUSUALLY MODERN. HER SPARKLING ALMOST UNCANNY ACCURACY AND REALISM OF SUCH INTELLIGENCE. SUCH ACTIVE ATTITUDES, SUCH SIGHTFUL FRAGMENTS OF DIALOGUE, SUCH ENVELOPING PEOPLE."
REBECCA WEST
JOSEPHINE HERBST
$2.50 EVERYWHERE
LINCOLN MacVEAGH
THE DIAL PRESS NEW YORK
WHAT THE CRITICS HAVE SAID OF "THE HOTEL" IS TRUE IN EVEN HIGHER DEGREE OF THIS BRILLIANT NEW BOOK

EVANGELIZED AMERICA
By Grover C. Loud
The complete story of Evangelism in this country. Rich and stirring reading.
Illustrated $4.00

BLOODY GROUND
By Fiswoode Tarleton
A cycle of the Southern Mountains by a rising star of American fiction. $2.00

DEATH at FOUR CORNERS
By Anthony Gilbert
A new detective story by a master hand. $2.00

The RANSOM for LONDON
By J. S. Fletcher
This great mystery writer at his thrilling best. $2.00


In the opinion of his Publishers this is Mr. Oppenheim's most unusual novel since his famous THE GREAT IMPERSONATION
DOPED
ROBBERY
JUST OUT!
$2.00 at all Booksellers
THE TREASURE HOUSE OF MARTIN HEWS
BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM
A Tale of Surpassing Originality
Conflicts Between Master Brains
Thrill After Thrill
Fortified Treasure House
New and Devilishly Clever Protective Machinery
Unusually Appealing Love Story
Suspense Piled Upon Suspense
You'll Enjoy It!
MURDER
SECRETS
LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS, BOSTON

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Day

Campaign Speeches of

Herbert Hoover

WHAT will Hoover do as President? This volume of his campaign speeches holds the answer. In them he sets forth the policies his administration will follow. Hoover the humanitarian, the business man, the economist, the engineer, and the executive, gives the picture of America as he finds it and the statement of his plans for its future.

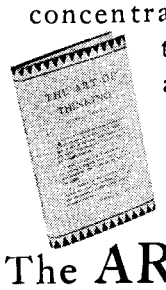
$3.00

STANFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

"I recommend it to all who are perhaps groping in the dark,"

says JOHN GRIER HIBBEN, *of Princeton University*

"I HAVE had the pleasure of reading Canon Dimnet's book on THE ART OF THINKING, and I would recommend it very highly to all who are perhaps groping in the dark and not able to concentrate their thoughts along valuable and rewarding ends."

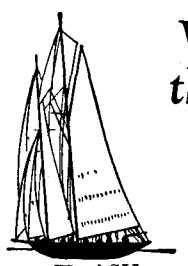


The ART OF THINKING

At all bookstores, $2.50

SIMON and SCHUSTER, *Publishers*

37 West 57th Street, New York



Winning the King's Cup

by

Helen G. Bell

DASH across the Atlantic in the "Elena," the yacht that won the ocean race! Pile on sail until she staggers! Meet the King of Spain, and hear his battleships roar their greeting! Mingle with the Royal Court at Santander, the summer capital. You must read "Winning the King's Cup" to realize that romance and adventure still exist in this century. Six charts in color, twenty illustrations, four plans. $2.50.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

THE JUSTICE OF ALLAH. By WILLIAM RANSTED BERRY. Hale, Cushman & Flint. 1928. $2.

This is a simple little tale of the far-away East and the love of a white man for a Turkish maiden. A little too simple, perhaps. It is full of adventures that somehow fail to make the reader's heart beat faster, and the attempt to create an oriental atmosphere is not particularly successful. The narrative is in the first person, but instead of having one of the minor characters tell the tale the author lets the hero do it, apparently not realizing how much this technique increases the difficulties of presenting the other characters in a strong light. They are, as a result, a shadowy lot, incapable of vitalizing the story.

CINDERELLA'S GARDEN. By W. MACNEILE DIXON. Oxford. 1928. $2.

As might be supposed from the fact that the author, W. Macneile Dixon, is a literary critic, a philosopher, and a professor of English literature at the University of Oxford, "Cinderella's Garden," although nominally a children's book, indulges in considerable good-natured criticism of contemporary oddities in both literature and science. The book has a well-marked dual personality. For children it will appear a wonder tale of what happened to three little boys who passed through a crab-hole in the sand into the garden of Cinderella, where all sorts of known and unknown animals disport themselves, and where live many well-known characters of history and fiction. For the adult the book will be an amusing commentary on modernity. There is no escaping the unpleasant comparison between "Cinderella's Garden" and "Alice in Wonderland." Indeed, the resemblance is too close to be other than intentional. One may perhaps admire Professor Dixon's courage in selecting such a model, but can scarcely endorse his wisdom.

WITS' END. By VIOLA PARADISE. New York: Dutton. 1928. $2.50.

Very simple ingredients go into the making up of "Wits' End." A young New York journalist is lucky in contracting for the production of his play, "The Scarlet Alphabet," upon the showing of a rough draft of the first two acts. To write his play, he goes into the country to the Witakers' estate, called The End (hence the novel's title), where he meets a young artist. The two fall in love, try to convince themselves they have not fallen in love, and finally admit the fact. Very little else happens. To be sure, the completed manuscript of the play disappears for a time, and the hero is approached (to say the least) by the wrong girl, but the book is essentially a long-drawn-out, heavily introspective love story with characters not fully projected. The quality of the author's mind, her variety of interests, and a quiet humor save "Wits' End" from being quite as bromidic as it sounds.

AGAINST THE SUN. By GODFREY ELTON. Houghton Mifflin. 1928. $2.50.

The account that Mr. Elton gives us of Anthony Rivers's search for death is not the tragedy that it was intended to be. The reason for its failure to rise to the heights lies in the fact that we see Rivers as an introspective simpleton, not as a man. He had an obvious future in British politics, but after the death of his wife he threw it away and turned for solace to mysticism. Courting danger for dreary months, he at last found release from the annoyance of life. Throughout the novel, he fails to arouse our sympathy and remains merely an irritation. "Against the Sun" is well done in many small ways, but as a whole it fails to satisfy us. Mr. Elton's treatment is not bold or fundamental enough to make the central problem seem significant. What might have been written with depth and imagination remains merely the report of a sympathetic psychiatrist.

EAST ALL THE WAY. By J. G. LOCKHART. Appleton. 1928. $2.

This is a genial story of adventure, occasionally out of the ordinary, but never arresting. It starts out to be a mystery story, but it soon turns into undiluted adventure. We have a good deal of interest in following the variegated party from England across Europe to the Holy Land, there to engage in a wild expedition into the interior in search of the Ark of the Covenant. The way is blocked as much by natural obstacles as by villainous agents of assorted secret societies who also are hotfoot on the trail of the Ark. The chief merit of the story is its characters, almost every one of whom, though reminiscent of characters in many other narratives, is decidedly agreeable; the chief rascal is really excellent. Mr. Lockhart makes use of the Dr. Watson method in telling his story; it comes to us through the first person account of one Peter Trenchard, who is as thickheaded an average man as one could desire for the temporary obscuration of the answer to riddles. "East All the Way" is polite, unpretentious, and for the most part satisfactory.

HEADLINES. By MILDRED GILMAN. Liveright. 1928. $2.

As the title suggests, "Headlines" refers to those sensational tragedies exploited by the tabloids, while in reality (according to Mildred Gilman's convincing realism) the simple truth is even more tragic. Mary Pollock, the vague *pièce de résistance* of the book, is a timorous young woman who reads of happenings to those far-off people in newspapers, grieves over their troubles, and thanks heaven she lives sheltered from the cruelty of the world. Meanwhile, these more or less same melodramas are being enacted under her very nose in the lives of her neighbors, half-Americanized Italians, Finns, Germans, Irish, and other European denominations, into whose affairs her sympathetic interest draws her. And it is with the births, deaths, starvations, wife-beatings, quarrels, adulteries, murders, suicides, and struggles of these semi-foreigners that the book is really concerned.

People and events are presented through the minds of the characters themselves, so that the reader, thus rendered something of an alien subjective extrovert, is carried into the consuming lives of the Salvatores, Stenrooses, Ludwigs, Murphys, and Conolleys, and self-consciously caught in the terrible trap of their ignorance, prejudices, and temperaments. Out of which predicament the characters survive by dint of their thick skins, whereas the gentle reader is more likely to find the book prickling under his epidermis—so vividly portrayed are the miseries of these immigrants, in their efforts to live and become Americanized. The bewildered, dogged, maternalism of Bettina, and the privations of her children, made us ache, although it was she and not we who got the beatings. However, through it all Mary Pollock continues to agonize over headlines and accepts with bland composure the horrible events going on around her, without in the least suspecting they are practically the same stories. But if Mary Pollock could have read this book instead, she would undoubtedly have had hysterics —for Mrs. Gilman in telling the unadorned truth, with discerning simplicity and a deep sympathy for suffering humanity, has made these stories into inspired realism, far more gripping than any synthetic newspaper version could ever hope to be.

THE BLACK CAP. New Stories of Murder and Mystery. Compiled by CYNTHIA ASQUITH. Scribners. 1928. $2.

Here we have fourteen stories "of murder and mystery" to use the compiler's phrase, including one by Lady Asquith herself. It is an uneven collection with a misleading subtitle, for to our disappointment we found very little murder and almost no mystery in many of the stories, apart, that is from the muddle engendered in the reader's mind by his struggle through the labarynthine byways of some of these tales.

The best two stories in the book, and it is really worth getting for these two, are "The Smile of Karen," by Oliver Onions, and "The Lovely Lady," by D. H. Lawrence, and we enjoyed them not for their elements of murder or mystery, but because they are very good short stories that would be memorable in any collection. In fact, the murder described in "The Lovely Lady," if murder it is, is of the subtlest sort for which no court of law could bring an indictment. But they are both charming tales with colorful settings that stay in the mind long after the book has been relinquished. Cynthia Asquith's story, "The Lovely Voice" is among the best, and does actually combine a real murder with a well-told tale and some vivid characters. W. Somerset Maughm's "Footprints in the Jungle" is good and will be especially relished by those who have not read his "Casuarina Tree" or seen "The Letter" one of the stories from the foregoing, dramatized. By those who have, the climax will be forseen from the very beginning. The first act of Barrie's "Shall We Join The Ladies" with which the collection opens offers us at the outset a curious situation. It is so good that we are left tingling with suspense and may be pardoned our annoyance with the compiler who offers us nothing more than a footnote to the effect that this is the first act of an unfinished play that was produced in London with an all-star cast. Just why a mystery play should be produced unfinished while the author is still alive to finish it seems a bit of a mystery in itself.

"The Islington Mystery," by Arthur Machen, is the very good story of as casual and cold-blooded a murder as one could wish, in which suspicion falls on a taxidermist, whose mild-mannered exterior conceals a cold and heartless ferocity that secretly thrilled us. As far as we are concerned the remaining eight stories could very well have been done without. They are rambling and incoherent and in several cases more concerned with the description of a deranged mental state than with an actual murder or mystery.

THE YELLOW PRIMROSE. By JOAN YOUNG. New York. Longmans, Green. 1928.

This novel brings the war back again. Not merely because the first half of the book deals with life at the front, but even more because Joan Young seems to be writing only a few days after the armistice rather than ten years later. She might be her own ambulance-driving heroine, so closely does the miasma of the trenches wrap itself about her. Events fail to fall into any perspective for her; each is viewed as at the moment of occurrence and swells with the importance of the immediate. All of which tends to obscure the story and to rob "The Yellow Primrose" of esthetic value. The novel shows great reluctance to get started, and, when it finally does, there is very little plot. The author is obviously sincere in her presentation of what she considers the problem of her characters, and this sincerity radiates into the characters themselves so that they seem real behind their not entirely successful delineation. "The Yellow Primrose" falls short of its intent but remains interesting as an expression of one type of reaction—and a very honest one—to war and post-war social and psychological problems.

ENTER SIR JOHN. By CLEMENCE DANE and HELEN SIMPSON. Cosmopolitan. 1928. $2.

Sir John Saumarez, London actor-manager, didn't believe that Martella Baring had beaten her sister actress Magda Warwick to death with a poker, though both Martella and the court that convicted her apparently thought she had. But Sir John was too accustomed to considering his own opinions right to worry about what others thought, so, between the trial and the hanging, he set out to prove her innocent. He succeeded, of course, and earned a place in the small company of amateur sleuths who aren't altogether unbearable. Though the story has a tendency to slip over from mellowness into sentimentality, and is very soggy in spots, it is agreeably told, has an interestingly devised crime, and thus deserves a place near the top of your winter list.

THE CRIPPLED LADY OF PERIBONKA. By *James Oliver Curwood*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.
THE TULE MARSH MURDER. By *Nancy Barr Mavity*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.
THE WHITE GIRL. By *Vera Caspary*. Sears. $2.
PARADISE. By *J. S. Fletcher*. Doubleday, Doran, $2 net.
THE INNOCENT ACCOMPLICE. By *Mrs. Baillie Reynolds*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.
THE LIVING ALIBI. By *Selden Truss*. Coward-McCann. $2.
THE SPANISH LADY. By *Cervantes*. Translated by *James Mabbe*. Oxford University Press. $7.50.
THE HIDDEN WOMAN. By *James Hay, Jr.*, Dodd, Mead. $2.
THE UNKNOWN DAUGHTER. By *Therese Benson*. Dodd, Mead. $2.
THE SHADOW OF GUY DENVER. By *Stephen McKenna*. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.
THE GOLDEN AGE, OR THE DEPTH OF TIME. By *Fred M. Clough*. Boston: Roxburgh.
THE SILVER VIRGIN. By *Ida A. R. Wylie*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.
THE PROMISED LAND. By *Gilbert Parker*. Stokes. $2.50.
THE CHINA VENTURE. By *Dorothy Graham*. Stokes. $2.50.
MRS. DALLOWAY. By *Virginia Woolf*. Modern Library. 95 cents.
WHITE MADNESS. By *K. David*. Vinal.
THE CASE OF THE BLACK 22. By *Brian Flynn*. Macrae-Smith. $2.
THE SECRET TRAIL. By *Anthony Armstrong*. Macrae-Smith. $2.
A SELF-MADE THIEF. By *Hulbert Footner*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.
THE DUKE STEPS OUT. By *Lucian Cary*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.
THE GLORY AND THE PARLOUR. By *Dorothy Walworth Carman*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.
A VOYAGE TO THE ISLAND OF THE ARTICOLES. By *André Maurois*. Appleton. $1.50.
PROCESSION. By *Fannie Hurst*. Harpers. $2.
FIRST LOVE. By *E. W. Delafield*. Harpers. $2.50.

(*Continued on next page*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

C. H. P. T., Tujunga, Calif., sends this for the inscription on the wall of the Jones Memorial library:—"In spite of knowing that they'll never pass the censor I can't resist suggesting a few gorgeous lines from the last paragraph of Poe's 'Silence' for that story-telling room in the Pennsylvania library:

> Now there are fine tales in the volumes of the Magi . . . in the iron-bound, melancholy volumes of the Magi. Therein, I say, are glorious histories of the Heaven, and of the Earth, and of the mighty sea . . . and of the Genii that overruled the sea, and the earth, and the lofty heaven . . . but, as Allah liveth, that fable which the Demon told me as he sat by my side in the shadow of the tomb, I hold to be the most wonderful of all."

A. L. H., University of Virginia, says he likes my suggestion for the inscription the best, for the books in the library enable one to "rightly know." But if some remarks explicitly about books are wanted he has made excerpts from a translation of Richard of Bury's "Philobiblon," which as nearly as he can find was written in 1345:

> Books delight us when prosperity smiles upon us; they comfort us inseparably when stormy fortune frowns on us.
>
> They are masters who instruct us without a rod, without angry words. If you come to them, they are not asleep; if you ask and enquire of them they do not withdraw themselves; they do not chide if you make mistakes; they do not laugh at you if you are ignorant. [I trust this one will be snapped up by the Association for the Advancement of Adult Education. M. L. B.]
>
> Whoever claims to be zealous of truth, of happiness, of wisdom, of knowledge, aye even of faith, must needs become a lover of books.

A. L. H. adds for my own use a good motto for a book-collector and one for anyone who owns a lovely book, both from the "Philobiblon":

> No dearness of price ought to hinder a man from the buying of books, if he has the money that is demanded for them, unless it be to withstand the malice of the seller or to await a more favorable opportunity of buying.

> Let a reader take care that his smutty scullion reeking from his stewpots does not touch the lily leaves of his book.

H. P. C., Mississippi, sends this from the "Parlement of Fowles," saying that the fifth line seems ideal for a children's reading room:

The Boke speketh:
Through me, men goon into the blissful place
Of the heart's hele and dedely wounde's cure;
Through me, men goon unto the Well of Grace,
Where grene and lusty May shal ever endure—
This is the way to all good Aventure;
Be glad, thou Reder, and thy sorwe ofcaste,
All open am I; pass in and speed thee faste.

And the "Faerie Queene" has, in Book II, Canto 12:

O turn thy rudder netherward a while:
Here may thy storme-beat vessel safely ride;
This is the porte of rest from troublous toyle,
The world's sweet inn from paine and wearisome turmoyle.

I hope the quest may continue; the readers of this department have right ideas about books. One may find, for example, any number of brief and unhackneyed quotations on the charms of books at the tops of the pages of "My First Hundred Books," by one of the readers of this department, Bertha A. Holbrook, Milwaukee, Wis., where it is published by the Kenmar Press. This is a record-book to be made by the reading child himself, with hints as to its making that may well give him an impulse toward constructive criticism. There are several brief suggestive lists for various ages, and altogether the volume would be an inspiring addition to a family bookshelf.

Richard Ely Morse, Princeton, N. J., sends the following additions to the list of fantasies:—

I WAS interested to see that W. S. is planning a study of fantasy, for with the exception of Robert Hillyer, the poet, and myself, I did not know there were any in this country who had made it their especial study. Your list was one of the most complete I have ever seen in print, but I am venturing to append a list of my own, filling in the gaps.

"Fantasy, of course, has various subdivisions, such as the macabre, where we find Arthur Machen, Leonard Cline with his 'Dark Chamber,' Donald Douglas with 'The Grand Inquisitor,' and Ben Hecht with 'The Kingdom of Evil.' These are the only ones which may be strictly classed as fantasies; the bounds are easy to overstep into the grotesque and horrible.

"Under sophisticated fantasy one might put the icy brilliance of Laforgue in 'Six Moral Tales,' Firbank's intricate wit, Virginia Woolf's 'Orlando,' and Van Vechten's 'Peter Whiffle.' Aubrey Beardsley's unfinished 'Venus and Tannhauser' might also be included here.

"Sentimental and satirical are two other varieties. The first named is usually the poorest, the type which 'A Little Clown Lost' best represents. Of the latter class, you have already mentioned the best exponent—Stella Benson.

"The list which follows here below cannot pretend to be complete, but with the list published in the *Saturday Review* on December 22, it makes up the most complete I know of. If W. S. knows of others, I wish he would let me know of them.

"No one who is interested at all in fantasy can afford to overlook James Branch Cabell; Walter de la Mare; James Stephens; Kenneth Grahame; Norman Douglas (especially his 'They Went'); Gerald Bullett with 'Mr. Godley Beside Himself' and 'The Baker's Cart'; and perhaps, Ernest Bramah with his 'Kai Lung' series. We have also 'Doodab.' by Harold Loeb; 'These Mortals,' by Margaret Irwin; 'Flower Phantoms,' by Ronald Fraser; 'The Street of Queer Houses,' by Vernon Knowles; 'The Siamese Cat,' by Leon Underwood; 'A Mirror for Witches,' by Esther Forbes; 'The Early Adventures of Peachum Grew,' by Roy Helton; 'The Eternal Moment' and 'The Celestial Omnibus,' by E. M. Forster; 'The Adventures of Harlequin,' by Francis Bickney; 'The Marionette,' by Edwin Muir; 'The Worm Ouroborus,' by E. R. Eddison; 'Lud-in-the-Mist,' by Hope Mirrlees; 'Gandle Follows his Nose,' by Heywood Broun; 'Messer Marco Polo,' by Donn Byrne; 'The House of Lost Identity,' by Donald Corley; 'A House of Pomegranates,' by Oscar Wilde; 'Flecker's Magic,' by Norman Matson; 'Nomad,' by Paul-Jordan Smith; 'Twilght of the Gods,' by Richard Garnett; 'Green Mansions' and 'A Little Boy Lost,' by W. H. Hudson; 'The Man Who was Thursday,' by G. K. Chesterton; and 'The Horned Shepherd' by Edgar Jepson."

To this admirable collection let me add Marie Cher's "The Door Unlocked," which has given me deep delight and will please any lover of old Paris.

In the same mail with the letter above-quoted arrived a copy of "A Voyage to the Island of the Articoles," by André Maurois (Appleton), a fantasy just put into English by David Garnett and embellished with woodcuts by Edward Carrick in precisely the vein of the text. This demure record is of an adventurer (and a lady friend) cast away upon an island on which since 1861 the aristocracy and masters have been literary artists, Articoles—served and admired by the local Beos, short for Beotians. The allegory is transparent, but however light its texture, it is sound. It must certainly figure upon this list. The idea of a trans-Atlantic jonrney in a little boat occured to M. Maurois from reading Alain Gerbault's story of his lone-hand cruise from east to west across the Atlantic, and it is appropriate that the jacket of this book should carry a notice of the English version of Gerbault's book, "The Fight of the Firecrest" (Appleton), as unusual an adventure as any voyager has brought through.

THE Brick Row Book Shop, 42 East 50th Street, New York, asks me to tell you that through the courtesy of Colonel Isham they are showing in their window a number of the most important items of the Private Papers of James Boswell, including the original manuscript of the Journey to Corsica, Voltaire's famous letter to Boswell, Goldsmith's unpublished poem, and Boswell's letter to Temple. These priceless papers are exhibited in conjunction with the publication by William Edwin Rudge of the first three volumes of this work edited by Mr. Geoffrey Scott.

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

THE VALLEY OF OLYMPUS. By *Octavus Roy Cohen*. Appleton. $2.

EYELIDS OF THE MOON. By *Wijnant Johnston*. Appleton. $2.

YOUTH RIDES OUT. By *Beatrice Kean Seymour*. Knopf. $2.50.

THE SLOWER JUDAS. By *A. B. Stern*. Knopf. $2.50.

MAREEA-MARIA. By *Sophie Kerr*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.

CHILDREN OF HOLLYWOOD. By *Phyllis Gordon Demarest*. Macaulay. $2.

BEST SHORT STORIES FROM THE SOUTHWEST. Edited by *Hilton R. Greer*. Dallas: Southwest Press.

THE MASKED MAN. By *Gaston Leroux*. Macaulay. $2.

THE LAWLESS HAND. By *William C. Queux*. Macaulay. $2.

DAWN BELOVED. By *Jean Devanny*. Macaulay. $2.

THE DRAGON AND THE FOREIGN DEVILS. By JOHAN GUNNAR ANDERSSON. Little, Brown. 1928. $4.

This series of sketches, by a Swedish geologist in the employ of the Chinese Government, of incidents in the relations between the Chinese and the white "Foreign Devils" gives a surprisingly accurate impression of a situation which is not well understood in the United States. The different chapters have very little connection and are of very unequal merit, but the portrayals of Chinese country life and character show close and sympathetic observation and the unusual ability to produce the desired effect with a few carefully planned, sweeping strokes. The book is free from the bias and propaganda which spoil writings of many who have lived in China.

The volumes is especially suited to those who desire to know something about the causes of the cabled news from China, but who have only time for one book, as the history is brought down to 1927 and only covers recent events. The author has the rare gift of making condensed history readable, and many of the incidents have definite literary value. The sections on farming and economy are informing even to the experienced student.

International

EXPLAINING CHINA. By JOHN EARL BAKER. Van Nostrand. 1928. $5.

If one really desires to understand the seemingly incomprehensible conduct of the Chinese people and leaders, he cannot do better than read these explanations given by a sympathetic and accurate American, former Adviser to the Chinese Railways and Director of the American Red Cross China Famine Relief. His account of the fall of the Manchu Empire and the rise of the Republic is entirely reliable, and his presentation of the Chinese attitude toward law, learning, industrial development, transportation, and population problems shows how inevitably the present chaos has resulted from Chinese character and customs. One of the greatest disappointments has been the ineffectiveness of the students who have been educated in the United States, but he shows how little they are to blame in view of the difficulties which they have to encounter.

The book is not only most readable, but refreshing in contrast to the sentimental propaganda which characterizes so much which has been written about this country by missionaries and travelers. The author is far from optimistic about the future and all who are genuinely interested in this people should read his statement of the reasons for the failure of Chinese corporations, especially those engaged in factory operations.

Juvenile

(*The Children's Bookshop appears on page 635*)

(*Continued on next page*)

BOOKS OF DISTINCTION

The Traditional West, The Soil of Texas, Romance, Adventure, Humor!

BEST SHORT STORIES from the SOUTHWEST

Edited by

HILTON ROSS GREER

(*Voice of the Southwest*)

A collection of short stories by Southwestern writers, falling logically into the above groupings. The authors are among the most prominent writers of to-day—Mary Austin, Barry Benefield, Dorothy Scarborough, John W. Thomason, Jr., Margaret Belle Houston and others.

Price, $2.50

MOTORING THROUGH SPAIN

***By* ARTHUR L. KRAMER**

"The author writes interestingly of the old and new in Spain. The reader catches much of the mystery and the magic of the Castilian country, and its people, with history."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.* *Price $2.50*

Poetry

STAR DUST AND STONE

***By* GLENN WARD DRESBACH**

"One of America's finest interpreters of the beauty of the Southwest and one of the most widely known of the contemporary American poets. Few modern poets have a finer sense of color value, few have his power of graphic description." — *New York Herald Tribune.*

Cloth, $1.50
Spanish Leather, $2.75

SILVER IN THE SUN

***By* GRACE NOLL CROWELL**

Mrs. Crowell's first volume of verse, "White Fire," is now in its fifth edition placed early last fall. No American poet appeals more to the "Mothers" than Mrs. Crowell. Her verse is found in all the leading magazines of America and England.

"Of all the poets singing today, I do not know of any who is doing better work than Mrs. Crowell. Not only beautiful in phraseology, but full of real spirituality." — Albert Bigelow, *Good Housekeeping.*

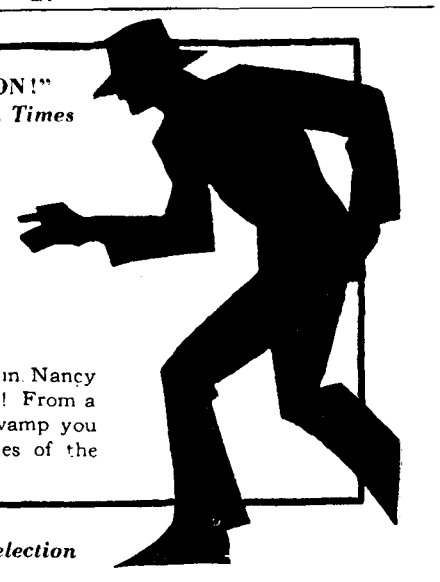
Cloth, $1.50
Spanish Leather, $2.75

From your bookstore or direct from

THE SOUTHWEST PRESS
Box 746
ALLEN BLDG., DALLAS, TEX.

"HONORS IN CRIME DETECTION!" *N. Y. Times*

THE TULE MARSH MURDER



You yourself help identify the body in Nancy Barr Mavity's superb detective story! From a heap of charred bones deep in the swamp you reconstruct one of the master crimes of the century. $2 at all bookstores.

THE CRIME CLUB ***February selection***

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Miscellaneous

WHAT THE FARMER NEEDS. By ISAAC LIPPINCOTT. Appleton. 1928. $2.

There are fashions in agriculture, and fashions in farm relief. Not long ago coöperative marketing and the equalization fee were fighting for the position of favorite son of the tiller of the soil. Now, there having been much discussing and relatively little action, authors of books and other friends of the farmer are turning to the improvement of agricultural production.

Dr. Lippincott's book is an excellent study from the point of view of an economist who holds that no essential difference exists between good production management in farming and in manufacturing. In other words, he believes in production at the lowest possible cost per unit. The reader is likely not to question the soundness of the author's judgment so much as the feasibility of his plan for an industry with more than six million separate units.

THE PERIOD FURNITURE HANDBOOK. By *Mr.* and *Mrs. Glen Gould.* Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

ITALIAN PLEASURE GARDENS. By *Rose Standish Nichols.* Dodd, Mead. $10.

COLONIAL FINANCES IN DELAWARE. By *Richard S. Rodney.* Wilmington Trust Co.

LONG-HAIRED JOPAS. By *Edward Prime-Stevenson.* Florence, Italy: "The Italian Mail."

CONTRACT BRIDGE STANDARDS. By *Wilbur C. Whitehead.* Stokes. $1.50.

PORTUGUESE-ENGLISH AND ENGLISH-PORTUGUESE DICTIONARY. By *Frederick W. Smith.* Pitman. $4.75.

HOME. By *Kathleen Norris.* Dutton. $1.

CONQUERING THE AIR. By *Archibald Williams.* Nelson. $2.

GYPSY RICKWOOD'S FORTUNE-TELLING BOOK. Dutton. $1.50.

LOGARITHMS SIMPLIFIED. By *Ernest Card* and *A. C. Parkinson.* Pitman. 75 cents.

A DICTIONARY OF CORRECT ENGLISH. By *M. Alderton Pink.* Pitman. 75 cents.

TRAINING FOR TRAVELLING SALESMEN. By *Frank W. Shrubsall.* Pitman. $1.

DISPENSING FOR PHARMACEUTICAL STUDENTS. By *John W. Cooper* and *Frederick J. Dyer.* Pitman. $2.25.

INVESTMENT MANAGEMENT. By *Dwight C. Rose.* Harpers. $5.

THE GHETTO. By *Louis Wirth.* University of Chicago Press. $3.

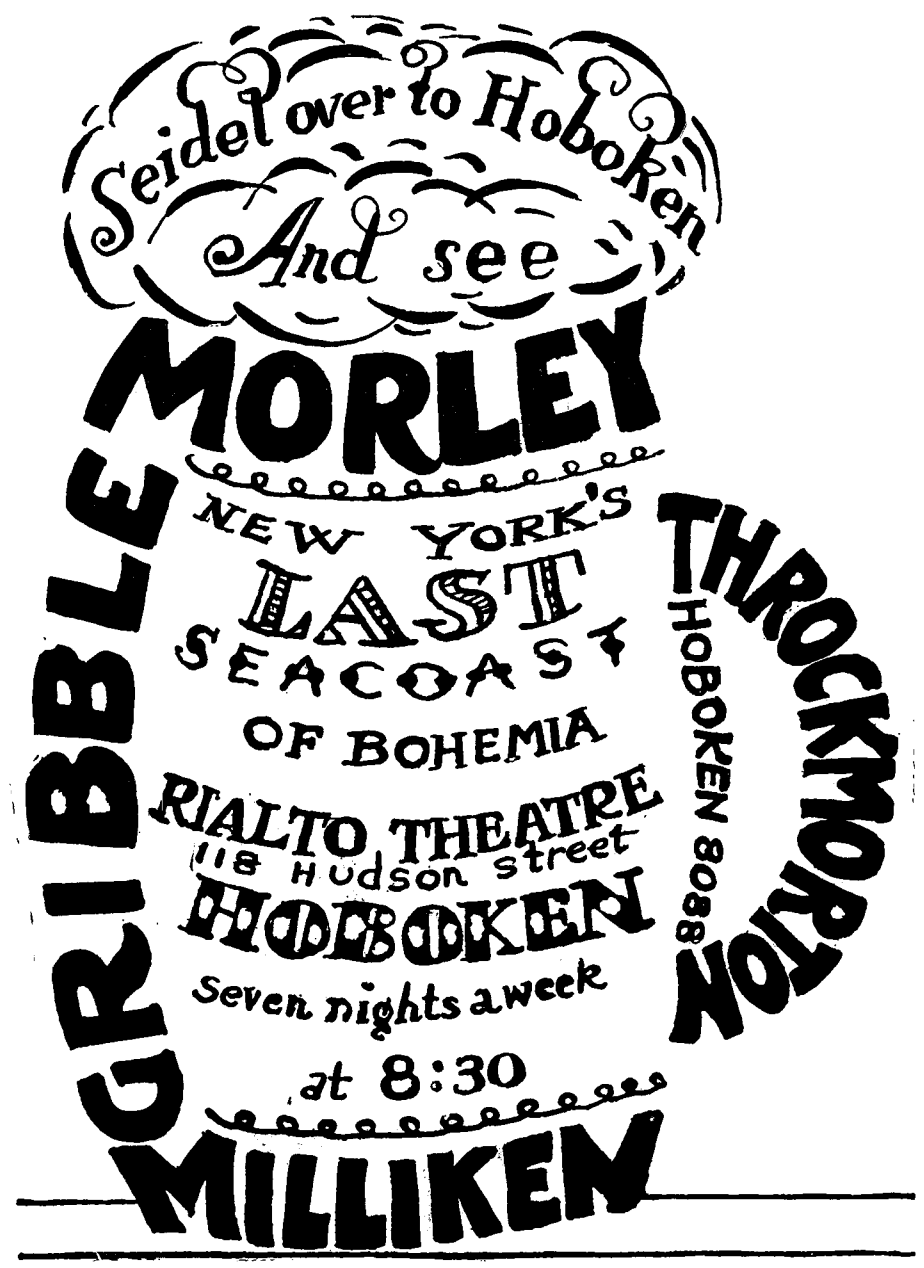
FIRST EDITIONS OF TODAY AND HOW TO TELL THEM. By *H. S. Boutell.* Lippincott.

YOUR TEETH. By *Charles I. Slotoff.* Dutton. $2.50.

YOU CAN'T PRINT THAT. By *George Seldes.* Payson & Clarke. $4.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT. By *Robert L. Ripley.* Simon & Schuster. $2.50.

EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY: A Tour through England and Wales, by *Daniel Defoe,* 2 vols. The Plain Speaker, by *William Hazlitt.* Grace Abounding and the Life and Death of Mr. Badman, by *John Bunyan.* Marriage, by *Susan Edmonstone Ferries.* Jorrocks' Jaunts and Jollities, by *Robert Smith Surtees.* Eighteenth Century Plays, selected by *John Hampden.* The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam and Six Plays of Calderon, translated by *Edward Fitzgerald.* More Fairy Tales, by *Hans Anderson.*



WEEK OF JANUARY 28

8th BRAVURA WEEK OF

AFTER DARK

or, NEITHER MAID, WIFE, NOR WIDOW

The Most Amusing Escapade in New York

Dion Boucicault's old masterpiece of 1868 revived in its own manner, in a theatre of its own era. Ferries to Lackawanna or Hudson Tubes to Hoboken. We have only 650 seats. Telephone HOBoken 8088

The Compleat Collector.

RARE BOOKS · FIRST EDITIONS · FINE TYPOGRAPHY

Conducted by Carl Purington Rollins

"Now cheaply bought for thrice their weight in gold."

Dealers' Catalogues

THE Christmas season invariably brings forth such a flood of dealers' catalogues that it is a labor of days even to look through them. If only Dickens, Kipling, Stevenson, and H. G. Wells, together with presentation Lewis Carrolls, could be grouped conveniently in one separate section where collectors interested in them could turn instantly, the pleasure in catalogue-reading might be enormously increased; but when there is, from the outset, no prospect of escape from pages of these gentlemen's works—one recent catalogue includes a charming photograph of a drawing-room chair once owned by Dickens, thoughtfully dated 1870—it becomes largely a matter of faith to conceive of anything from their pens in terms of rarity. The Collectors' Book Exchange (Drawer 893, Postal Station F, Toronto) has in its "Special List—CC" an originality that sets it apart from everything else. Divided into groups headed by explanatory notes, it plunges delightfully into such titles as "The Beautiful Jewess, or The Young Sailor's Triumph"; "The Guerrillas of the Osage, or The Price of Loyalty on the Border"; "The Duke's Prize—a story of Art and Heart in Florence"; "The Wronged Daughter, or A Wife's Intrigue"—could anything be more stimulating after an unrelieved diet of "Pickwick," "Schoolboy Lyrics," and "The World Set Free"? There is a trilogy, "The Betrayed, or The Child of Mystery"; "The Secrets of the Old Smithy," and "The Masked Ball, or Jacob Gray's Revelation"; there are novels by Gerald Griffin, General W. Dewey, Captain "Bruin" Adams, and Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.; there are "Gems for Recitation," and "The Boy's Manual of Seaside and Holiday Pursuits," and several groups of chap books.

The attempted originality of the Dutton "Book Lovers' Miscellany: No. 4" is far less happy in its results: the books are, for some obscure reason, listed chronologically beginning with the thirteenth century and ending with 1928, thus making the incessant use of the index a necessity for those persons not gifted with a passion for the dates of first appearances. The prices are so unusually high even for books in fine condition that the class of "book lovers" most interested will naturally be limited.

Three other catalogues must be included among the more expensive. Carman (3648 Olinville Avenue, New York), who states definitely that his business is conducted only through the mail; Walter M. Hill's "Christmas Catalogue," number 122; and Ernest Dressel North's "Famous Fiction—a catalogue of 100 First Editions." All three are interesting and rather out of the ordinary, but the prices represent the highest market, or auction-room, values.

The Brick Row's catalogue number 33 is an excellent example of a well-made and intelligently edited presentation of books. The notes achieve their purpose admirably, and the entire work is one of which Mr. Hackett may be justifiably proud.

The Argus Book Shop (333 South Dearborn Street, Chicago) has issued a "Check-List Catalogue," number 17, that at this time is particularly restful. To be able to see an author's name in black letters with the titles of his works offered, followed simply by the prices, has a value not to be overestimated.

Undoubtedly, Alwin J. Scheuer's catalogue number 5 is the most elaborate and interesting of all. It is, in the first place, beautifully illustrated not only with the various original Greenaways, Rackhams, and Rowlandsons in Mr. Scheuer's possession, but with facsimiles of letters and presentation inscriptions. The Charles Lamb "Commonplace Book" is the greatest treasure, although the collection of twenty-two letters from Bernard Shaw to Grant Richards, his publisher, may be more exciting to the modern world. Mr. Scheuer has well earned the thanks and gratitude of every one interested in discovering what can, under the proper conditions, be made of dealers' catalogues.

The purchase by Gabriel Wells of the book business of Henry Sotheran and Company of London has recently been announced. Mr. Sotheran, for many years one of the great English dealers, was killed in an accident a short time ago, and the work of his shop has been carried on up to the present by his executives. According to the London announcement, Mr. Wells is forming a limited company chiefly of British shareholders, in order to preserve the essential character of the business.

Mr. Wells, who returned from abroad just before the Jerome Kern sale, brought back a set of the four Shakespeare Folios obtained from the library of Mrs. John Rylands of Manchester.

* * *

It is to be hoped that the departure of Mr. Bruce Rogers for England to spend some time in association with Mr. Emery Walker does not foreshadow a London outburst of the over-priced, finely printed, limited edition evil. Why no one so far has been able to find a type-designer for books of over two hundred pages that sell for two or three dollars, must apparently remain a mystery: publishers at present seem under the impression that, by stating the name of the typographer, they are automatically justified in cutting the size of the book so honored to fifty pages at the most, and raising the price to any extent possible. A few of the English presses, notably the Nonesuch, have brought out fine books at prices decidedly within reason, but no American has yet followed so excellent an example.

The American Art Association announces that on the evening of January 31st the library of a prominent New York theatrical man will be sold. This library includes a collection of limited editions, standard sets in the usual fine bindings, and sporting books, notably complete sets of the "Annals of Sporting" and *The Sporting Magazine.* The entire library will be placed on exhibition January 26th.

The series of forty-six letters written by Benjamin Franklin to his sister Jane was sold recently at Sotheby's to Dr. Rosenbach for $14,000. In the same sale, an early political letter of Abraham Lincoln's to James Berdan of Jacksonville, Florida, brought $1,150, while one of Washington's dated 1788 went for $825. The Boswell "Life of Johnson" reached the record price of $2,500.

The highest price realized at the George W. Childs sale at Freeman's in Philadelphia on December 10th was $11,700 for a three-page Lincoln letter dated 1859. A fragment, one and a half pages quarto, of the original "Pickwick" manuscript signed with Dickens's name and that of "Boz" brought $9,000. At nearly the same time, another "Pickwick" fragment, five pages quarto, from Chapter XXXVIII, with six variations in the manuscript from the printed book, was sold at Sotheby's to Dr. Rosenbach for £7,500 (roughly $37,500). It had been presented by Dickens to John Marvell Whiteley, of Halifax.

G. M. T.

The Lay of the One Fish Ball

SOME weeks ago I commented on this famous poem and now I have received from an anonymous friend copies of the second and third issues of the broadside publication by the John Barnard Associates. Little additional information is given in the footnote to the third broadside edition, and both these reprints, by the way, bear the apparently erroneous title, "The Lay of the Lone Fishball."

The same donor has also sent in "The Historiographer's Recollections of the Annual Dinner" on February 10, 1928, when two honorary members were welcomed. The John Barnard Associates are to be congratulated on the fun they get out of their affairs—and so, too, is the collector who can obtain their publications!

R.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Some Rhode Island Silversmiths

RHODE ISLAND is something of an anomaly in the American scene, in the peculiar quality of its founding, in its littleness amidst the worship of "big" things, in the agricultural development of the "Narragansett Planters." In the heart of the grazing country where the Planters settled was the village of Little Rest (now become Kingston), and Mr. William Davis Miller has written a small book on "The Silversmiths of Little Rest" which gives much information about six craftsmen of the latter eighteenth and earlier nineteenth centuries. The book has been printed by the Merrymount Press as a quarto, in English Caslon type, on hand-made paper, in the usual delectable style of that press. There are many illustrations in heliotype. One hundred and fifty copies have been printed, one hundred being for sale. R.

JAMES F. DRAKE, *Inc.*
Rare Books :: First Editions
Autographs
CATALOGUES ISSUED
14 West 40th Street, New York

Counter Attractions

NEW & OLD BOOKS :: COLLECTORS' ITEMS :: STAMPS & PRINTS :: LITERARY SERVICES

AMERICANA

THE WEST, THE INDIANS, LOCAL history, genealogy. Catalogs on request. Cadmus Book Shop, 312 West 34th St., New York.

AMERICANA, WESTERN, SOUTHERN, Military, Biographical. Frequent Catalogues. Simons, 244 East Third Street.

AMERICANA, FIRST EDITIONS, AND miscellaneous books. Catalogues on request. Wyman C. Hill, 9 Haynes Court, Leominster, Mass.

ART

ETCHINGS MAILED ON REQUEST. Select at leisure. Crafton Collection, 17 East 14th St., New York.

AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPHS OF CELEBRITIES **bought and sold. I offer collectors' largest and most comprehensive selection in America of original letters, manuscripts and documents of world-famous authors, generals, statesmen, rulers, composers, etc. Send list of your wants. New catalogue sent on request. Collections, large or small, bought for cash. Thomas F. Madigan (Est. 1888), 2 East 54th St., New York.**

COLLECTORS OF AUTOGRAPHS, rare books, modern first editions, etc., should write to The Autograph Agency, 31 and 33 High Holborn, London, England, for catalogues which will be sent free on request. With each catalogue will be sent particulars of The Young Collectors Club, a newly formed organization to help young collectors who have not yet left school or college.

FAMOUS AUTOGRAPHS WANTED: Owners of valuable letters from celebrities should communicate at once with Walter R. Benjamin, the world's most famous dealer in autographs. Send for price list of rare autographs he has for sale. Every collector should subscribe for The Collector, Mr. Benjamin's interesting monthly. $1 a year. 578 Madison Avenue. Est. 1887.

AUTOGRAPHS BOUGHT AND SOLD. We carry one of the most extensive collections of Autograph Letters and Historical Documents in the world. Send for our priced catalogue of 4,472 titles. Cash paid for collections or individual specimens. Correspondence from owners solicited. Goodspeed's Book Shop, 7 Ashburton Place, Boston, Mass.

BARGAIN OFFERS

DAUBER & PINE BOOKSHOPS' SEMI-Annual 20% Cash Discount Sale During January applies to our entire, large and choice stock of new, old and rare books. Librarians, collectors and readers in general should not miss this great opportunity to pick up desirable books at bargain prices. Visit our attractive shop or write for free catalogs. Following few items, selected at random, have the discount already deducted on orders accompanied by remittance: American Esoterica, introduction by Carl Van Doren, decorations by Rockwell Kent, a collection of fine pieces of literary work by distinguished American authors, limited edition, published at $12.00, our special price $3.75, during January Sale $3.00; Pierre Louys, Songs of Bilitis, illustrated by Willy Pogany, limited edition, published at $10.00, our special price $3.75, during January Sale $3.00; Rabelais, Complete Works, illustrated by Pape, limited edition, two volumes, $16.00; Poems of Oscar Wilde, limited edition, illustrated by Bosschere, $8.00; Aristophanes Plays, complete translation, illustrated by Bosschere, limited edition, two volumes, $20.00; Boccaccio's Decameron, John Payne's complete translation, limited edition, two volumes, $14.00; Godfrey Higgins, The Anacalypsis, long out of print and so scarce that it fetched $200.00 when at all available, this great work, "An Attempt to Draw Aside the Veil of the Saitic Isis, or an Inquiry Into the Origin of Languages, Nations and Religions," was recently reissued to subscribers at $60.00, our price for the set of two handsome folio volumes $35.00, during the January Sale $28.00. Thousands of other bargains. Dauber & Pine Bookshops, Inc., 66 Fifth Avenue, New York.

BARGAIN OFFERS

UNEXPURGATED TRANSLATIONS at drastic reductions. Decameron; Rabelais; Droll Stories; Satyricon of Petronius, etc. Renaissance Book Co. (Room 3), 131 West 23rd Street, New York City.

20% DISCOUNT SALE. FINAL WEEK. Schulte's Semi-annual cash discount sale ends February 2nd. Following bargains listed with discount already deducted. These prices only when cash accompanies order. All books in perfect condition. Sherwood Anderson's New Testament, first edition, dust jacket, $2.00; Eddison's Worm Ouroboros, introduction by Cabell, first edition, $3.60; Cabellian Harmonics, Random House limited edition, $4.00; Cabell's Cream of the Jest, Pape illustrations, first edition, $4.80; American Caravan, first edition, dust jacket, $4.80; Mark Twain's Snodgrass Adventures, first edition, dust jacket, $4.80. Lafcadio Hearn's Editorials, limited edition, $3.60; McMurtrie's Golden Book, limited to 220 copies signed by author, $16.00; Charles Lever's Saint Patrick's Eve, Phiz illustrations, first edition, three-fourth levant. $10.00; Ramsaye's Million and One Nights, limited edition signed by author and Thomas Edison, two volumes, half pigskin, $40.00; Pierre Louys' Aphrodite, Clara Tice illustrations, three-fourth levant. $20.00; George Moore's Heloise and Abelard, Carra edition, two volumes. $10.00; Huneker's Painted Veils, limited edition, $10.00. Stiles' History of Bundling in America, $2.00; Westropp-Wake's Ancient Symbol Worship (Phallicism in Ancient Religions), illustrated, $2.40. Thousand other bargains. Catalogues free. Schulte's Bookstore, 80 Fourth Avenue, New York.

JUST OFF THE PRESS! OUR NEW catalogue, listing several hundred distinctive books at radical reductions. Pelican Book Store, 52 East 8th St., New York City.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF ALL magazines. Magazine excerpts. List free. Salisbury, 78 East 10th St., New York.

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES AT Abrahams' Bookstore, 145 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BOOK BINDING

EXPERT HAND BOOK-BINDING AND Casemaking for First Editions or Autographs. Exclusive Best Imported Materials. Restoration and all forms of Scientific Book Reclamation. Period Modernist and Conventional Designs. Prices on request. Bennett Book & Binding Co., 240 West 23rd St., New York City.

BOOK PLATES

BOOK-CLUB MEMBERS—YOUR books deserve, in fact, *need* the identification of artistic Bookplates with your own imprint. They reduce your book-lending losses. Also would make an appreciated gift. Beautiful new designs, some modernistic, $3.00 per hundred. Specimens free. The Bookplate Guild, 151-S Fifth Avenue, New York.

COPPER PLATE STYLE $4 to $5 PER hundred. Send 10c for samples. Frank E. Bittner, 251 High Street, Nutley, N. J.

BOOKS WANTED

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW. FIRST editions, pamphlets, letters, inscribed books. Will pay cash. Harry Stone, 24 East 58th.

FIRST EDITIONS

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS. Prices reasonable. List on request. C. N. Kessler, Jr., 4046 W. Seventh St., Los Angeles.

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS. We carry a representative stock, including Cabell, Conrad, Hardy, Hearn, Robinson. Grolier Book Shop, 6 Plympton St., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

FIRST EDITIONS AND AUTOGRAPH material of modern authors. Advise us of your particular interests and we will send specially prepared lists of quotations. Catalogues issued. Phoenix Book Shop, Inc., 41 East 49th Street, New York.

GENERAL

THE NIEL MORROW LADD BOOK CO. (formerly of 646 Fulton St., Brooklyn), is now located at 265 *Flatbush Ave.*, only one block from the Bergen St. subway station. Twenty-five thousand used books, like new, carefully classified and priced plainly. A modern, well kept, well lighted bookstore it will be a pleasure to visit. Open evenings until 9 P. M. Niel Morrow Ladd Book Co., 265 Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. (Phone Nevins 6920.)

GELBER, LILIENTHAL, INC., INVITE inquiries of collectors interested in Press Books, First Editions, Association Items, Rare and Out of Print Books. 336 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California.

SEND STAMPS FOR CATALOGUES OF instructive and interesting books. Best in classics, philosophy, psychology, occultism, magic and fiction. Chela, Box 92, College Station, New York.

ODD CURIOS, unusual and extraordinary Books and Autographs. Write for catalogue. State your own interests. Union Square Book Shop, 30 East 14th Street, New York.

O'MALLEY BOOK STORE, 329 Columbus Ave. (75th St.). Large stock of good books on many subjects. Prices reasonable, expert service. Open evenings.

FOREIGN BOOKS

FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, Spanish Books, Christmas Cards, Calendars. Catalogues free. Our French Book Club now in its seventh year. Schoenhof's, 387 Washington St., Boston, Mass. Established 1856.

LITERARY SERVICES

THE ROBERT CORTES HOLLIDAY School of Writing and Editorial Work. "Needless to say," comments THE SATURDAY REVIEW, "we can recommend Mr. Holliday most heartily to any aspiring writer who really wishes to look the facts in the face." Altogether individual instruction given by correspondence. Address: *Englewood Cliffs*, New Jersey.

LETTER-PERFECT TYPING and editing of manuscripts. Prompt, efficient, experienced service. Rates low. Frances Rodman, P. O. Box 284, Ridgewood, N. J.

MANUSCRIPTS ANALYZED, criticized, revised, prepared for publication, marketed. Book manuscripts a specialty. Twenty-five years' experience as a writer, editor, publisher. Thirty helpful text-books. Catalogue. Also The Writer's Bulletin, monthly, $1.50 per year, 15c per copy. James Knapp Reeve, Box A, Franklin, Ohio.

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY advisor. Books, short stories, articles and verse criticised and marketed. Special department for plays and motion pictures. The Writers Workshop, Inc., 135 East Fifty-eighth Street, New York.

YOUR MANUSCRIPTS SHOULD BE sold? This office sells plays, novels, short stories, published books or produced plays for motion pictures. International connections. Publications planned. Editor, literary adviser. Grace Aird, Inc., 551 Fifth Ave., New York City.

LIBRARY TUNERS—Duttons, 681 Fifth Avenue, New York City. We clean, arrange, catalogue, replenish, weed out, renovate, equip, pack or transfer your library.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING

MANUSCRIPTS EXPERTLY TYPED. Prompt, personal service. Moderate rates. Miss Pauline Law, 312 Masonic Temple, Zanesville, Ohio.

TYPING MANUSCRIPTS—EXPERTLY, intelligently done. Prompt, personal service. Moderate rates. Pauline Resnikoff, 1400 Broadway, Suite 413, New York. Wisconsin 1777.

OUT OF PRINT

OUT OF PRINT Books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

PRINTING

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS, Princeton, New Jersey, offers those interested in good typography a completely equipped plant and a skilled force for the production of privately printed books, catalogues and magazines. Inquiries invited.

ORIENTAL

BOOKS ON THE EAST, Egypt to Japan; languages, religion, folklore, travel, history, belles lettres, native texts, rare manuscripts, art in all its phases, including ceramics and Oriental rugs, &c.; the only shop **in America specializing in Oriental subjects; send for catalogues. Orientalia, 59** Bank Street, New York.

PUBLIC SPEAKING

THE TOASTMASTER, QUARTERLY *magazine for public speakers requiring* humor. Endorsed by Senator Capper. $1 by year; 30 cents copy. No. 2 now ready. 323 North Citrus Avenue, Los Angeles.

NEW YORKIANA

BOOKS AND PRINTS ON THE quaint and strange manners, customs and frivolities of our ancestors in New York State and City. Catalogue inquiries not solicited, but private correspondence graciously welcome. Arthur Carlson, New Yorkiana Specialist, 503 Fifth Avenue, New York.

RARE BOOKS

THAT BOOK YOU WANT! We hold 1,250,000 of the best books—new, second-hand, out-of-print—all subjects. Books on approval. Also rare books; Sets of Authors. Send for Catalogue 86 (free), outlining requirements and interests. Foyles, 121 Charing Cross Road, London, England.

TYPOGRAPHY

SYMPATHETIC UNDERSTANDING and a desire to fulfill the needs of the present and future await collectors who write: A. Leland Ziglatzki, 168 Wethersfield Avenue, Hartford, Connecticut. Books of typographical interest exclusively.

THE WALDEN BOOK SHOP, 410 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, has a fine copy of The Revenge, by Raleigh, printed by Bruce Rogers; Plutarch's Discourses, and other examples of interesting typographical arrangements. A new catalogue will be sent on request.

WANTED PRINTS

WANTED—WORLD WAR SKETCHES, prints, drawings, etchings, lithographs or other illustrated matter depicting scenes from or relating to the war. Describe offerings by letter sent to E. P., 164 Water St., New York, N. Y. Do not submit except on written request.

SCHEDULE OF RATES

ADVERTISING RATES for this classified page are as follows: For twenty consecutive insertions of any copy, minimum twelve words, 7 cents a word; for any less number of insertions, 10 cents a word. The forms close on Friday morning eight days before publication date. Address Department GH, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York, or telephone Bryant 0896.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
Publishers · 37 West 57th Street · *New York*

ROBERT L. RIPLEY
MARCO POLO — 1929 *Model:*
AUTHOR OF *"Believe It or Not"*

For almost a decade *The Inner Sanctum* has derived a morbid fascination from reading every night in *The Evening Post* and the old *New York Globe* about:

.... *red men in Japan*
.... *cities built in a day*
.... *women who sing under water*
.... *men who have not sat down for twenty years*

There have been occasional lapses in Theatre Guild subscriptions, membership in The Beethoven Association, and attendance at the annual meeting of the American Skeptics' Society, but Ripley's daily *Believe It Or Not* cartoon has been an unvarying part of *The Inner Sanctum's* daily life for ten years come Whitsuntide . . . and a good thing, too.

This, then, is the day of days for all such addicts, since the booksellers of America are at last disclosing to a pop-eyed populace a teeming volume of RIPLEY's prose and pictures, under the incredible, irresistible title: *Believe It or Not.*

Page 69 of RIP's new book provides a luscious item typical of a book that is overflowing with the picaresque, the bizarre, the fantastic, and the unforgettable:

[illegible]EN of Upsala, Sweden, died in [illegible]ge of 160 and left two sons—one [illegible]nd the other 103 years of age.

The Inner Sanctum's recent advertisement about the hordes that are storming the Detroit book-stores for copies of ABBÉ DIMNET's new book *The Art of Thinking* has evoked a bit of incredulous wonderment among the more sophomoric sophisticates. There is only one answer: the unadorned figures from the weekly sales chart. A naked fact turneth away doubt.

The Art of Thinking SALES *since publication* [*by weeks*]

Advance Sale	1419 COPIES
First week	53 COPIES
Second week	145 COPIES
Third week	63 COPIES
Fourth week	115 COPIES
Fifth week	279 COPIES
Sixth week	799 COPIES
Seventh week	926 COPIES
Eighth week	2024 COPIES
Ninth week	1931 COPIES
Tenth week	2226 COPIES
First two days this week	1601 COPIES

The Story of Gilbert and Sullivan or The Compleat Savoyard is once more compelling *The Inner Sanctum* to violate its hallowed injunction against big parade of superlatives. But when the glowing adjectives are supplied by such discriminating authorities as GEORGE JEAN NATHAN, HENRY L. MENCKEN, WINTHROP AMES, DE WOLF HOPPER and the Lord High Pooh-Bahs of *The Boston Evening Transcript*, what's an injunction or two among friends?

—ESSANDESS

THE PHOENIX NEST

A NEW book of poems by *Arthur Davison Ficke* is worth waiting for. "Mountain Against Mountain" is his latest one (Doubleday, Doran). Recently his "Selected Poems" appeared, and we are glad to see that, as is usually the case, that didn't end the matter. Ficke is both a fine lyrical poet and a fine sonnetteer. The two longer pieces that begin and end his book, "Paris 1917" and "The Return of Christ" are particularly notable. . . .

The Bookshop for Boys and Girls at 270 Boylston Street, Boston, is to hold a Dolls' Convention from February 14th to 28th, without regard for age, nationality, sex, or color. If you have a doll you wish to send to this most original of conventions write the Bookshop for Boys and Girls for details. You'll find more about it in our Children's Bookshop on another page. . . .

So the Vice Society of New York is attacking *Radclyffe Hall's* "The Well of Loneliness"! We are not much surprised, after all. Really good, serious writing is usually the object of such attacks, not pornography. By some extraordinary circumstance it is always so. Sometimes we wonder what peculiar type of mind directs these attacks. Like *Charles Lamb* we should like to examine the gentleman's head. And how marvelous it must be to be so self-righteous, lifted and flapping cheerily on celluloid wings,—celluloid is *so* inflammable. But, to be serious, we deeply resent, as an American, the fact that such opinion will be interpreted as the American attitude. Miss Hall's book is dignified and written wholly without offense. It is not a great book, in any sense, but it is a competent novel. All life is proper material for the novelist. It is perfectly patent that the intention and execution of "The Well of Loneliness" could only be called obscene by the prurient. The book is a tragic book, the tragedy is well presented. The plea is for sane charity. All the best minds both here and in England agree upon that, and upon the ridiculousness of the charges against it. . . .

In *The Minnesota Alumni Weekly* there appears an interesting article by *Elmer Edgar Stoll*. Elmer is a bit caustic, particularly concerning *Thornton Wilder's* "Bridge of San Luis Rey." His exceptions to its phraseology seem to us not at all times well taken. He pecks at the style but does not alter the fundamental fact that the novel *has* style, a rare enough accomplishment in our day and generation. Furthermore he inveighs against jargon or cant terms, after having finished with Mr. Wilder and turned to this other matter. There are many phrases and terms of the street that we hate, but it seems to us, nevertheless, self-evident that slang always serves and has served to enrich and enliven not only the spoken but the written mother-tongue. There are plenty of gorgeous colloquialisms in Shakespeare and in all the Elizabethans. Not without a desperate struggle would we give them up. Moreover, there is a certain type of mind that would iron out poetic writing to perfectly flat, if strictly logical, statement. That type of mind, being a poet, we detest. Some of the most brilliant conversationalists express themselves impressionistically; so do some of the most brilliant writers. God grant they may always flourish! . . . .

James Branch Cabell's latest book, "The White Robe," published in a limited edition by Robert M. McBride, is dedicated to *Frances Newman*, author of "The Hard-Boiled Virgin" and "Dead Lovers are Faithful Lovers," who died last November. Miss Newman's last work was the translating and editing of "Six Moral Tales from Jules Laforgue," which Horace Liveright published in December. . . .

Florence Ryerson and *Colin Clements*, whose book of short plays, "All on a Summer's Day," has just been published by Samuel French, have turned sleuths and gone to their Catalina Island home to finish their detective novel, "Dead Man's Clutch." . . . .

The George W. Jacobs Company, prominent Philadelphia booksellers, have won the $1,000 prize in the National Crime Club contest. They procured the greatest number of new members for the club. . . .

"Murder at Sea" is *Richard Connell's* first venture into the realm of the mystery story,—everybody's doing it now!—and his publishers, Minton, Balch & Company, announce that a second large printing was ordered within a week of its publication. . . .

By the way, Minton, Balch & Company have removed to new offices in the Bartholomew Building at 205 East 42nd Street. Everybody seems also to be on the move. And right next door to us Elliott Holt is getting a new office swept and garnished and starting in as publisher all by himself. Oh, not quite all by himself, but complete owner and chief bottle-washer of his own new firm. That bottle-washer, by the way, is not meant invidiously,—if it were, we should have said, glass-washer. It never matters about the bottle. . . .

Blues, a *Revue of Modern Literature*, edited by *Charles Henri Ford*, is a new magazine that has appeared on the literary horizon. Its rooms are 227-228 in the Gilmer Building, down in Columbus, Mississippi. It costs three dollars a year. *Blues* announces itself as a rebel. Hasn't it then mistaken its color? . . . .

A book that has considerably interested us is "Isadora Duncan's Russian Days" by *Irma Duncan* and *Allan Ross MacDougall*, who were with Isadora practically all the time from 1921 to 1927. Irma was *Isadora's* favorite adopted daughter. Allan MacDougall was her secretary. He helped Isadora more than anyone in the writing of her memoirs. The two authors of the "Russian Days" have had access to material available to no one else. And here is an interesting anecdote: the book was in type and ready to go to the printer's when Irma Duncan arrived with her children for her dance festival in this country. She brought with her a great mass of original material which she had hitherto been unable to get out of Russia and which she had only succeeded in smuggling out by sewing it in the lining of her coat. . . .

A book we heartily endorse on Putnam's Spring list is "Skippy," by *Percy Crosby*. Crosby is a great graphic humorist, and no ordinary comic-strip artist. His "Skippy" is a real little boy, and what *Corey Ford* has called his "terse, tempestuous, hard-boiled dialogue" is inimitable. We have always loved Skippy, and urge everyone to buy a bookful of Skippy. . . .

Also, if you liked "Safari," you will be pleased with *Martin Johnson's* new companion-piece to it, "Lion." He will tell you a lot about African lions that you never knew before. He spent twenty years wandering over Borneo, India, Java, and Africa, but, sezzee, "I did not know what adventure was until I began to investigate lions." The photographs illustrating the book are said to be the best Johnson has ever taken. . . .

Waldo Frank's latest this Spring will be "The Re-Discovery of America." In it he analyzes the spiritual and cultural life of America. Of his novels, probably the best known are "City Block," "The Dark Mother," and "Chalk Face;" of his critical and interpretative work, "Our America," and "Virgin Spain." His new book will be published by Scribner's. . . . .

Well,—we ain't goin' to write no more, no more, we ain't goin' to write no more. You can tell by the thud of the old shift key that we ain't goin' to write no more!

THE PHOENICIAN.

On the shelves of your favorite book-shop, you will always find the latest Dutton books. Our new Spring catalogue, profusely illustrated and full of fascinating books, is just off the press. As long as they last—absolutely free.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., INC.,
286-302 Fourth Ave., N. Y. C.

THE
WANDERER

More and more American readers are discovering this great French novel by Alain-Fournier.

"The apotheosis of all that is lovely and beautiful and tragic in the human soul. The memory of this book will not die."
—*Baltimore Sun.*

$2.50
(Houghton Mifflin Co.)

Emotion as the Basis of Civilization

by J. H. Denison

With an introduction by Prof. George Foot Moore of Harvard University

"An important book because it contains the discovery of a new way of thinking. . . . It begins a new chapter in the psychology of government . . . reveals a new view of constitutional evolution."
—William Bolitho in the *New York World.*

at all bookstores. $5.00

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York

Revise the Idea of God?

Harry Elmer Barnes

who is responsible for the controversy now agitating scientists, clergy and laymen, explains his point of view in his new book

LIVING IN THE 20TH CENTURY

Bristling, stimulating—*N. Y. Sun*

$3.50 all stores **Bobbs-Merrill**

BRYant 0896

The above is the correct telephone number of THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE. It is wrongly listed in the Directory.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE
25 West 45th Street New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Gossip Shop

By RACHEL FIELD

NOW that the post-holiday doldrums are upon us with dwindling Christmas trees in every other ash can, it seems strange to think of December festivities and all the special holiday book exhibitions and parties.

Several of the last named took place in the Childrens' Room of the Public Library with Anne Carroll Moore as hostess and among the guests such contributors to distinguished books of 1928 as Elizabeth MacKinstry, Peggy Bacon, Boris Artzybasheff, Pamela Bianco, and Wanda G'ag. We sat next to Miss G'ag at dinner and found her surprisingly like her own pictures,—almost as if she had drawn herself! Miss Moore's second book of "The Three Owls" was published just before Christmas by Coward-McCann. Like its predecessor of two years ago, the book contains articles, verse, essays, and critical comment on childrens' books by various authorities. All of them have appeared in the columns of The Three Owls page of the *Herald Tribune* book section each Sunday. The reproduction of different types of illustration in this particular line is most successful and the book itself will be a valuable guide for teachers, librarians, and parents, as well as a summary of contemporary juvenilia.

Three of the last Fall books we felt did not have half enough attention paid them by reviewers. First of these is "Magic Gold," by Marion Florence Lansing, published by Little, Brown at two dollars. This is rather out of the ordinary line of historical adventure stories for boys, dealing as it does with the practice of magic in the Middle Ages. A young nobleman is the youthful hero and the story is handled with a dignity and vigor rarely achieved in books written primarily for readers in their teens. Widely different in mood and handling is "The Little People of the Hills," a retelling of folk-tales by Florence Choate and Elizabeth Curtis, from Harcourt, Brace. These collaborators have not been content to rely on old favorites from the Brothers Grimm and other familiar sources. They have dug up some delightful new material—at least much of it was new to us—and besides added the attractive black and white illustrations which accompany the stories and are reminiscent in their simplicity, and humor, and slight formality of design of some of the Howard Pyle pictures in "The Wonder Clock" of happy memory. Last of the three is Lois Lenski's "Alphabet People" from Harper's, with gay rhymes and pictures of such American types as postmen, grocerymen, organ-men and others. Miss Lenski's own peculiar style is too well known to need much comment, but we think she has never been better represented than in this charming and excellently made book.

From the Macmillan Company we carried away two new volumes:—"Johnny Appleseed and Other Poems" by Vachel Lindsay and "Tracks and Trails" by Leonard Rossell. This last is a slim green book which also bears the imprint of The Boy Scouts of America and which has fascinating small sketches of bird and animal tracks, trees, log cabins, and wild beasts strewn casually along the margins in a way that has always seemed the nicest sort of illustrating to our way of thinking. The Lindsay poems should be a boon to schools. We certainly should have preferred reciting "Johnny Appleseed" or "The Chinese Nightingale" to the interminable selections from "Evangeline" and "The Vision of Sir Launfal" that were our own lot in grammar school days.

Recently a 1929 catalogue of current French books drifted to our desk. The juvenile lists in the back caught our fancy. We were especially amused at coming across certain familiar pictures with the title "Les Dernières Farces de Buster Brown."

Wilbur Macey Stone sends a ticket to an Exhibition of Childrens' Books now on at the Grolier Club, 47 East 60th Street, from ten till six o'clock. We hope to get there before it closes February 2nd.

Speaking of French titles we have just learned from Priscilla Crane of Payson and Clarke that they are to bring out "Petits Contes Nègres pour les Enfants des Blancs" next fall. This will be the firm's first children's book and it certainly sounds as if they were beginning with something decidedly out of the ordinary. The stories are by Blaise Cendrars, already widely praised for his "Sutter's Gold" of several seasons ago and his more recent "African Saga," the latter also a Payson and Clarke book. After reading the publicity notes on this author one finds oneself wondering how he ever managed to write any books at all, for apparently he has roamed the globe since childhood, meeting with such adventures as finding himself alone in Russia at fifteen; smuggling pearls in Armenia, exploring in Africa, and losing his right arm in the war. In France he made his reputation on a poem written in New York. Incidentally he has written for the theatre and moving pictures. We wonder if Monsieur Cendrars knows how fortunate he is to have Margery Bianco for his translator? Miss Crane practically promises that there will be woodcut illustrations, maybe colored. We feel like throwing all our hats in the air at once!

The other morning the postman brought us a charming folder about "The Dolls Convention" to be held in Boston at the Bookshop for Boys and Girls, 270 Boylston street, from February 14th to 18th. The convention has been called especially to discuss the question of whether animals (following the wake of popularity of Pooh, Piglet, and others) are replacing dolls in the home, school, and playground. Doll delegates are invited to attend and there will be prizes awarded to: The Bravest Doll; the Most Travelled Doll; The Most Charming Doll; The Prettiest Doll; The Best Loved Doll. We most certainly intend to send a delegate. Only last week we were overjoyed to come on this bit about dolls in a letter by the late Katherine Mansfield. "I have always wondered," she writes an artist friend, "why nobody really saw the beauty of dolls. The dollishness of them. People make them look like cricket bats with eyes as a rule. But there is a kind of smugness and rakishness combined in dolls and heaven knows how much else that's exquisite." No, dolls mustn't go out of fashion.

Reviews

A CHILD'S STORY OF CIVILIZATION. By STEPHEN KING-HALL. New York: William Morrow. 1928. $3.

Reviewed by ELMINA R. LUCKE.
The Lincoln School of Teachers College

THE adequate review of any "child's books" comes in the adjectives and questions with which wide awake young persons respond to its acquaintance. Until then the reviewer can do little more than account for the eagerness of grown-ups who know children well to put it into their hands. "A Child's Story of Civilization" by Stephen King-Hall appeals strongly to such grown-ups, and they are already placing it in the way of keen young minds.

Charmingly written, evidently for a very real small person, this story reveals a kinship of the whole world that no historian can achieve who merely pieces together interesting bits of national histories and calls it world history. Mr. King-Hall has dared to rewrite for younger minds and in the rewriting to omit dynasties and wars and even countries which are not essential to the unfolding of mankind's great interwoven destiny. Perhaps because he makes the book so personal a conversation with some small person of his own, it is, however, world destiny soon from the point of view of an Englishman, a traveler, tolerant, exceedingly well-informed Englishman, but none the less British—and the effort to adapt the book to American children very nearly spoils it completely! In the middle of an unquestionably British treatment of the story the sudden appearance of American names and examples is most startling to the adult; it may be confusing to the child. It should be frankly stated that the Czechs and the Germans and the Chinese and the Turks would probably like to add similar chapters for themselves!

One of the greatest merits of the book from the grown-up's point of view is its adaptability to "young persons" of various ages by a certain reading between the lines with the aid of teacher and other books. The "helper's notes," however, which pile suggestion upon suggestion for this purpose, do not belong in the book—they might well be made available for the "helpers," but in pamphlet form separate from the book. The child is almost bound to wonder why a "child's story" should belong in such large part to his parents or teacher. There is a similar discrepancy between the delightful informality of some of the headings and the adult phraseology of the others—"East-men and West-men"; "The Growth of Feudalism." But Mr. King-Hall proves his appreciation of the value of the heading that tells the story in his almost uniformly conversational chronology. That is delightful and one of the great assets of the book.

Historians will never agree as to the selection of the facts used in a survey of civilization, and they will quarrel with King-Hall as they have with Wells and Van Loon. There will probably be few, however, who will not commend highly the clearness of time relationships, the seeing the world whole at each critical period, the excellent maps and pictures, few but unusually well chosen. The humor which reveals the human side of every tangle, the emphasis on human values in every situation is unforgetable. No child, it would seem, could leave the story without an appreciation of history as it reveals the growth of art and science and social institutions; no child could read it without wakening to the responsibility of the human being in the shaping of the world's destiny. And it would seem, finally, that any child must love this book just as a fascinating story.

The child, however, must give the verdict himself. We dare only to prophesy that, whatever it is, he is bound to have some delightful hours collecting the evidence.

THE SEAL OF THE WHITE BUDDHA. By HAWTHORNE DANIEL. Illustrated by R. A. HOLBERG. Decorations by GLENN TRACY. New York: Coward-McCann. 1928. $2.

THE SHORT SWORD. By V. M. IRVIN. Illustrated by ERICK BERRY. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1928. $1.75.

Reviewed by FLORENCE AYSCOUGH

THE first of these books, "The Seal of the White Buddha," is perfectly delightful; it describes a voyage to China in 1847: a voyage undertaken in a clipper ship by Hope Winchester, a pretty young girl of about fifteen. Her adventures are thrilling; the quality of suspense is excellent, and the reader of imagination is transported on the good ship *Aurora* to the far quarters of the globe. The style is clear and vivid; the pictures Mr. Daniel draws, whether of a Vermont village, a Japanese port, or a Chinese city, are firm in outline and striking in color. A book which must give any child a feeling of actuality in regard to countries which have possibly been, to him, but names! And the illustrations are unusually charming, the decorations most apt.

"The Short Sword" on the other hand falls very far short of fulfilling the requirements essential in books for children, accuracy in detail and faithfulness in atmosphere. It is neither accurate in detail nor faithful in atmosphere, although in a short preface which purports to be from the pen of a Chinese scholar it claims to be both the one and the other. The scholar, I may remark, signs his name according to a transliteration of Chinese sounds unlike any system, authorized or unauthorized, that I have ever seen, and so it is with all the Chinese words in the book, which appear to follow the whim of the writer, recognizing no laws whatever. If a greater knowledge of China and the Chinese is to become general, this matter of transliteration is one on which publishers should make a stand. They should demand that their authors take the trouble to use a correct system.

The book sets forth the adventures of a most likable youth named Ta-ming, the son of a farmer living on the northern confines of the Chinese state. The boy is extremely athletic and we are told that he was "under the tuition of the lama himself" in matters athletic. Now it is never safe to dogmatize about things Chinese; I can only say that such facts about any body of men connected with Buddhism rings quite false; that careful inquiries on my part have failed to elicit any confirmation, and that the greatest authority in England on lamaism writes me, "I hardly believe the lama would teach such things," and "it is most improbable that this would happen in a monastery."

The description of "a stern chamber" full of weapons, too, in light of the fact that Buddhist monks were forbidden to carry arms in China and that one of the most famous Buddhist persecutions started on the ground that the monks were breaking this rule, hardly rings true.

Armed with the short sword, which proves to be a fearsome weapon, the boy sallies forth upon a series of adventures which, possible as they are, have no peculiar Chinese flavor. A few pictures of peasant life are rather charming, but taken as a whole the book will not add a tittle to the sum of anyone's feeling for or knowledge regarding China, and may lead to serious misapprehensions as far as Buddhist priests are concerned.

THE BOOK OF ELECTRICITY. By BERTHA MORRIS PARKER. New York: Harper & Bros. 1928. $1.50.

Reviewed by J. O. PERRINE
Editor, *The Bell Telephone Quarterly*

"WOULD that my enemy write a book" might be paraphrased as follows: "Would that a woman write a popular book on electricity." It has been done. Thus, engineers and men are afforded a golden opportunity for critical remarks.

"The Book of Electricity" is just the kind of a book an engineer would expect a woman to write on this subject. Excellently arranged and with words suitable for children from ten to fourteen years of age, the book is distinctly feminine in its treatment and grasp of a most practical field of endeavor. The cover page naïvely states that the book "tells all about things electrical." In spite of its failure to fill this rather large order, it does contain much that can be read with profit by children of pre-high school age. The chapters, Frictional Electricity, Electric Circuits, Magnets, Using Electricity to Produce Heat and Light, Using Electricity to Do Work, Electroplating, Ways in Which Doctors Use Electricity, and Sending Messages by M[illegible] of Electricity, contain many interes[illegible] stories of the development of "our [illegible] slave."

Franklin and his kite, Morse and his telegraph, Edison and his incandescent lamp, Bell and his telephone, Field and his submarine cable, are stories every boy likes to read.

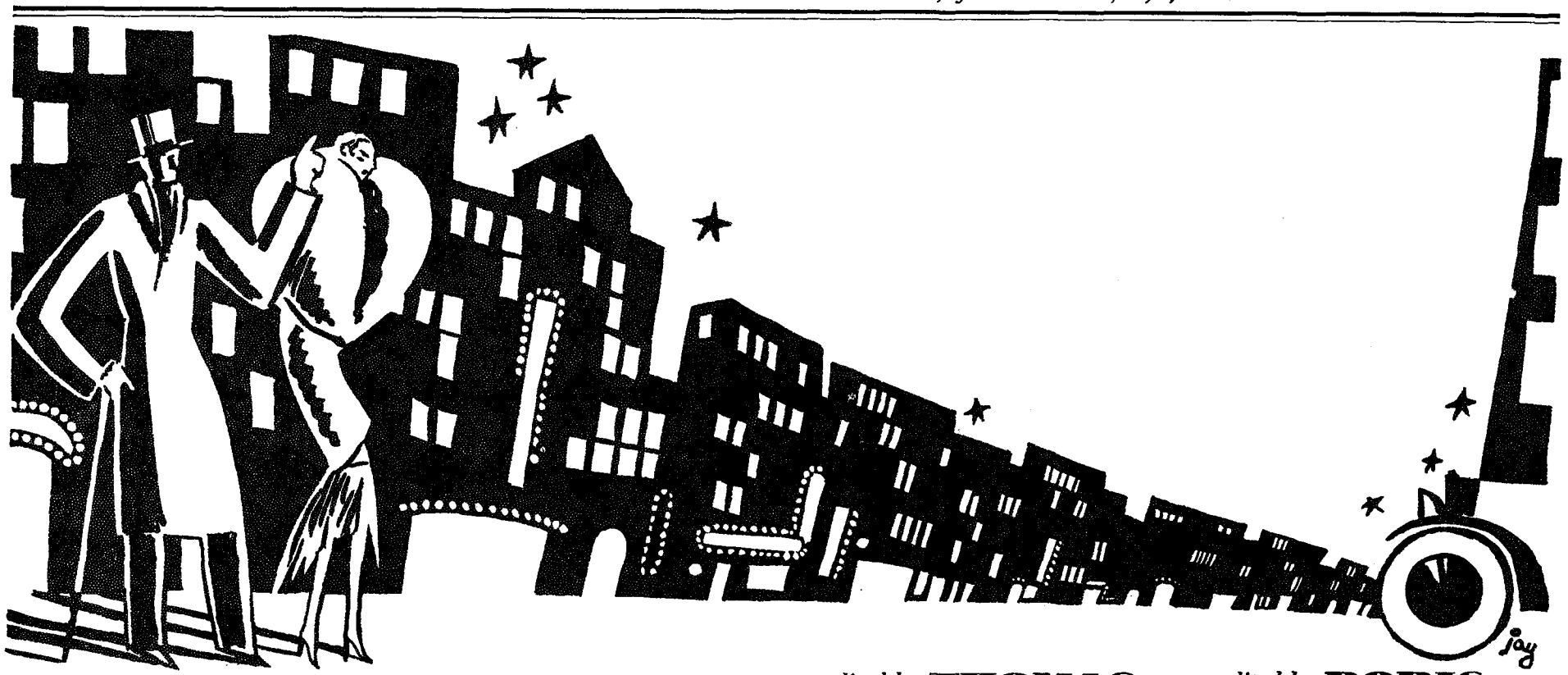
"Directions for experiments" are given, but in this effort the book does not prompt an irrepressible impulse to play with magnets, wires, sparks, and glass jars containing malodorous liquids. The e[illegible] are discussed in a most matter of [illegible] they are not made at all intrig[illegible] many boys would turn to this b[illegible] interesting experiments to perfo[illegible] plicit directions for making electrical apparatus. They would be more inclined to read about the heroes of electrical progress.

In telling of those early nineteenth century days, during which electricity was being tamed by man for his own use, no mention is made, in passing from Volta to Faraday, of the epoch-making discovery of the relation between electricity and magnetism by Oersted. There is no reference to Oersted's contemporaries, Arago and Sturgeon, who made the first electromagnets about which the author subsequently speaks so interestingly. These omissions seem to be glaring ones. In the discussion of frictional electricity, one is not told of the surprising fact that voltages of 50,000 and 60,000 volts are present. Why these voltages are not dangerous as compared with the same voltages of high tension transmission lines has an interesting appeal to the youth. In the treatment of transformers and transmission of electrical energy, the use of the phrase "trading volts for amperes" does not contribute to the beginning of an accurate understanding of electrical problems. The ideas of economy and efficiency which are the real reasons for high voltage transmission of electrical power are not even hinted at. These concepts are not abstrusely technical, and an understanding of them is more to be desired than that of "trading volts for amperes."

In the discussion of electrons, one finds this statement: "No scientist can give a description of an electron which he is certain is accurate, for electrons cannot be seen." Direct perception by one of man's senses is not the only criterion of reality. The concept that we only know accurately about those things which can be seen is not conducive to a proper appreciation of science by youth. In some respects the book is not strictly up-to-date. For example, the method of picture transmission by electricity which it describes is no longer used. Telephotograph service is to-day a commercial activity here and abroad, of which fact the book makes no mention.

A particular virtue of the book is that it is not written in text-book style; it does not smack of school. Herein it is a contribution to the literature on electricity for youth. Also, it does contain much that will be attractive not only to those from ten to fourteen, but as well to those of high school age and even adults.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



IDA A. R. WYLIE

The Silver Virgin ~ "Amazing!" says Margaret Widdemer. "She has dared to treat of sex with spirituality!"—A little village in Spain; a couple of young moderns from whose love the War had stolen passion—Ida A. R. Wylie has written a beautiful and tender book on a daring theme. $2.50

ARNOLD BENNETT

Accident ~ The whole of life is compressed into a single train ride, in this story of a girl who tried to flee from her own love. $2.50

AGNES REPPLIER

Père Marquette ~ A fascinating figure in a fascinating setting. Explorer, pioneer, adventurer, this frail priest's incredible journey through 2,500 miles of wilderness makes a glowing page of courage in America's record. $3.00

PHILIP GIBBS

Darkened Rooms ~ A novel centering around a modern Svengali, a saturnine intelligence who by his strange power smashes a great romance. $2.00

H. G. WELLS

The Way the World Is Going ~ A survey of the modern world, recommended by those who enjoy sparkling writing on important subjects. $2.50

LUCIAN CARY

The Duke Steps Out ~ A novel of a boxing champion who goes literary. A remarkable parallel to the life of Gene Tunney, written before Tunney ever became champion. $2.00

DOROTHY WALWORTH CARMAN

The Glory and the Parlour ~ A story that makes the romance of the 90's seem near and vital. Four generations of women, ending with a modern girl. $2.50

SOPHIE KERR

Mareea-Maria ~ Mareea—sometimes called Mar-I-a—is a flamingly beautiful and spontaneous Italian girl. Her love for a young American farmer, her struggle with his family, make a story full of genuine pathos. $2.50

CONCORDIA MERREL

The Miracle Merchant ~ The romance of a plain girl who believed she could become beautiful—and did. $2.00

In Canada from Doubleday Doran & Gundy, Ltd.
University Avenue, Toronto

edited by **THOMAS BURKE**

The Ecstasies of Thomas De Quincey

The best of this great English prose writer in ten selected essays. $2.50

SHERWOOD EDDY

Sex and Youth

Frank, honest thinking that will help young people to face their sexual problems sensibly. $2.00

A. H. HIGGINSON AND **J. I. CHAMBERLAIN**

Hunting in the United States and Canada

A complete account of the various hunts in North America, for those who follow the hounds. *Illustrated.* $15.00

edited by **DORIS FLEISCHMAN**

An Outline of Careers for Women

Making it easy for the modern girl to choose her life-work. Each profession is described by a woman who has succeeded in it. $3.00

DR. WILLEM J. LUYTEN

The Pageant of the Stars

Bringing the solar system to your fireside—including the latest exciting astronomical discoveries. *Illustrated.* $2.50

A BOOK FOR PARENTS

JESSICA C. COSGRAVE

The Psychology of Youth

This book by a teacher gives the parent practical examples of the application of modern science to the problems of child training. $2.00

Now half a million people have read these great books. Have you?

CLEMENCE DANE

The Babyons — A novel in four volumes $5.00

HUGH WALPOLE

The Silver Thorn and other Stories $2.50

STEPHEN VINCENT BENET

John Brown's Body — Second hundred thousand $2.50

ALDOUS HUXLEY

Point Counter Point — Almost 100,000 sold —*A Literary Guild Selection* $2.50

HENRY BESTON

The Outermost House — Third large printing $3.00

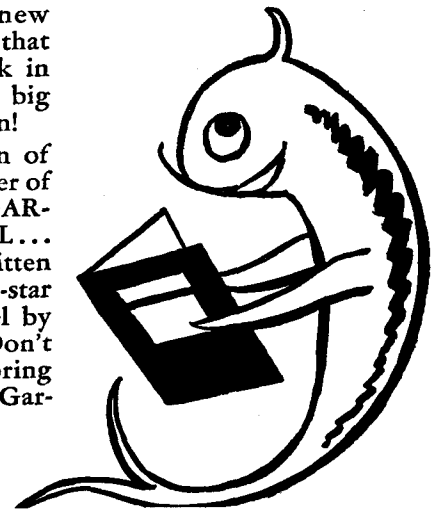
ETHEL MANNIN

Green Willow — Third large printing $2.00

The Dolphin's Corner

IT isn't far to February, and in that short month several fine books will come out of Garden City. MAMBA'S DAUGHTERS, DuBose Heyward's new novel, for instance . . . It's no secret that 80,000 people have bought this book in advance — which puts it ahead of its big brother, PORGY, before it's even born!

February will also see the publication of EXPIATION, a new novel in the manner of ELIZABETH AND HER GERMAN GARDEN and THE ENCHANTED APRIL . . . And a new book by Hugh Walpole, written in collaboration with J. B. Priestley (all-star cast) . . . And in March, a new novel by Mary Roberts Rinehart . . . If you Don't Retain Well, better send for the spring catalog . . . Doubleday Doran & Co., Garden City, N. Y.



DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & CO.

PRODUCED BY ANZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED